A genuine and true

JOURNAL

of the moſt miraculous

ESCAPE

OF THE

Young Chevalier,

om the Battle of *Culloden* to his landing in *France*; t ken from the Mouths and Journals of the very Perſons, who aſſiſted him therein, partly wrote in *London*, and partly in *Scotland*.

To which is added, a ſhort

ACCOUNT

what befell the Pr. in *France*, and the Manner of taking him Priſoner, and ſending him to *Avignon*, and from his Departure thence, as ſuppoſed for *Polani*, &c. Together with a brief RELATION of what became of ſome of thoſe who compoſed his Army.

By an ENGLISHMAN.

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BL

THE

PREFACE.

THE following relation, or journal of the young Chevalier's eſcape, was at firſt wrote out of curioſity, which I was induced to do, by having ſo many opportunities of converſing with the chief of the parties, who were inſtrumental in conducting, and aſſiſting him in his eſcape, for which they were taken and detained priſoners for a conſiderable time, and were at laſt diſmiſſed, without ever being examined at the cockpit or elſewhere by authority of the ſecretaries of ſtate. Part was taken from thoſe carried priſoners to London, and the reſt from thoſe in Scotland; but after the Pr. return to the continent of Scotland on the 6th of July, from the weſtern iſles, to his embarking for France, is taken from the rev. Mr. Cameron's journal, who accompanied him moſt of that time. The reſt of the account, in relation to what befel him in France, and to his leaving Avignon, is taken from the beſt authorities publiſhed, and from private letters ſent to different places; many of which have not yet been made publick, eſpecially that, which gives the manner of taking, detaining as priſoner, and ſending the Pr. out of France.

Thus much I thought proper to premiſe in order to convince the reader, that this relation is genuine, and not compoſed of a very few facts, and the reſt made up of falſities aud fiction, the work of a fruitful brain; like

like thoſe pamphlets entitled, Aſcanius, The Wanderer, *and* The Chevalier, *which laſt is one of the greateſt impoſitions upon the public. For this reaſon, I have been ſtrongly ſollicited, by all who have ſeen my hiſtorical account, to publiſh it, which I ſhould have done much ſooner, had I not waited to ſee, if ſome abler writer would favour the world, with giving it a true relation of that moſt miraculous, and almoſt incredible, eſcape; The truth of which would have been much diſputed, had not the different perſons therein concerned been taken into cuſtody; many of whom told general Campbell the ſame ſtory, as is herein very circumſtantially related, when they were taken before him in Scotland; all which I have endeavoured to tell in their own words, as near as I could, without altering their ſenſe or meaning.*

This I do without the leaſt regard to the cenſure of the hot-headed zealots, who make it tantamount to downright diſaffection, to aſſert that the young Chevalier has not a cloven foot, or ſomething monſtrous about him.

I think it is very extraordinary, that any people can be ſo weak as to imagine, that perſonal reflections, little mean aſperſions, or idle malicious tales and inſinuations, ſhould be any ſupport to a cauſe; or deprive the antagoniſts of the leaſt ſhare of their intrinſic merit; or that they ſhould be ſo blind as to think of the getting the better in any thing, by miſrepreſentation and lies; which can produce nothing but errors and a mean opinion of the authors, in the eyes of all impartial men of ſenſe and judgment: ſpeaking what is juſt of a man is not approving his cauſe; that is entirely his own affair, in which he acts by the approbation of his conſcience, and a firm belief of right in himſelf: And no perſons of moderation or ſerious reflection would ever vilify any man's character, on that account, any more than they ought

ought to do that of the perſon, who oppoſes him, upon the ſame principles. Virtue ought certainly to be revered, wherever it is found, and with how much reaſon ſoever the claim *of the young* Chevalier *may be obnoxious, it follows not that his good qualities ſhould be ſo too, or that we ſhould deny our pity for thoſe misfortunes to which he was born, and fall not on him through his own miſconduct, but that of others. I ſhall therefore only add, that I have carefully avoided all kind of fulſome exaggerations, as well as all ungenerous invectives; wherefore I hope all will read and judge without prejudice.*

A

True Journal, &c.

AFTER the Highlanders gave way at the battle of Culloden, the Pr. was forced off the field by Major Kennedy and the other officers, while the French forces and ſome few Scotch kept the Duke's army engaged for ſome time, to prevent any immediate purſuit.

Many Gentlemen and others went to guard the Pr. ſafe off, and croſſed the river Nairne four miles from Inverneſs; where a Councii was held, and then it was agreed that all Fitz-James's horſe, and all other horſemen ſhould go to Ruthven in Badenoch, except ſome few. Here it was the Pr. deſired the Gentlemen to begin to ſeparate, that their enemies might not ſo eaſily know what rout each of them ſhould take; and accordingly the Hon. Charles Boyd, Eſq; ſecond ſon to the Earl of Kilmarnock,

and ſome others kiſſed the Pr. hand, and went off on their reſpective routs.

The Pr. then, with ſome other Gentlemen proceeded on his journey, and the firſt place where he ſtopped, was at Tordarack about nine miles from Inverneſs; but as there was no perſon at home, they all went to Aberardar in M'Intoſh's country, three miles farther; thence to Faroline in Lovat's country five miles, and thence one mile more to Caſtlelaige, or Gortulaige; where they met Lord Lovat, and drank two or three glaſſes of wine.

Here Lord Elcho took his leave, and ſet forwards for Kinloch-moidart, where he arrived a few days after the battle; not a little diſguſted, that other Officers would not be led by him in every thing.

There came hither with the Pr. Sir Thomas Sheridan, Sir David Murray (one of the Pr. Aid de Camps) Sullivan, Alexander M'Leod (one of the Pr. Aid de Camps, and ſon of Mr John M'Leod, Advocate) John Hay (who was ſecretary in Murray's ſickneſs, or Abſence) Edward Burk (Alexander M'Leod's man) Mr Hay's man, and Allan M'Donald a prieſt, who went as a guide.

About ten o'Clock at night, the Pr. and his few attendants proceeded on their journey. They arrived at Glengary, or Invergary caſtle about four or five o'Clock in the morning and found only one man there, who ſaid, Glengary and his family were abroad, and had left no proviſions or furniture in the houſe; ſo the Pr. was obliged to lie on the floor without any refreſhment.

When day-light appeared, Edward Burk abovementioned ſaw a net, which he drew in the water and catched two ſalmons, on which they dined very well.

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Here all the company took their leaves of the Pr. and went to Arnaby, except Sullivan, Allan M'Donald, and Edward Burk, whom M'Leod left to be the Pr. guide.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, the Pr. ſet forward with his three companions, having dreſſed himſelf in Edward Burk's cloaths, and went to Donald Cameron's at Glen-Bean in Lochiel's country, where they arrived about nine at night,

On the 18th the Pr. went to Mewboll in Clanronald's country, where he ſtaid all night, was well entertained, and got ſome ſleep, which he had not had for five days and nights; his army having been under arms, marching and countermarching without ſleep, or much meat for 48 hours before the battle.

The next day being the 19th, the Pr. waited ſome hours in hopes of getting intelligence of ſome of his friends after their defeat; but hearing nothing, he was obliged to ſet out on foot (the horſe road not only being about, but ſo bad, as to be ſcarce, if at all paſſable) he therefore walked over almoſt inacceſſible mountains to the Glen of Morar, or Kenlock Morar, and thence to Glen-Beiſdale, or Boradale in Araſaig, Clanronald's country, through as bad ways as can be conceived. Hither Mr Æneas M'Donald, the banker, came to meet the Pr. who had wrote to him for that purpoſe, and returned again the ſame night to his brother's houſe at Kinlock Moidart. About two days after this, Lord Elcho and Oneil got to Kinlock-Moidart.

Here the Pr. waited ſeveral days, 'till Captain Oneil came to him, by Sir Thomas Sheridan's directions, and told him, that all hopes of drawing his troops together again were now over; upon which he reſolved at laſt to go to the weſtern iſlands,

whence he thought that he could get a veſſel to France.

Strong were the debates about leaving the Continent of Scotland, and going to the iſles: The Highlanders endeavoured to diſſuade the Pr. from undertaking ſo dangerous a ſtep; but at laſt, Sullivan, whoſe advice had injured his maſter more than once, prevailed upon him to go, aſſerting the great probability of getting a ſhip there ſoon, and the great danger of ſtaying where they were; but the Pr. following this advice, had like to have loſt his life many ways, as we ſhall find in the ſequel.

In one day three ſeveral meſſengers got to Donald M'Leod (who had been with Mr Æneas M'Donald to the iſles, to fetch ſome money from the iſle of Barra, and was returning when the battle was ended) theſe three were ſent, leſt any of them ſhould have miſſed M'Leod. Their errand was to deſire Mr M'Leod would go to the Pr. at Boradale.

Purſuant to this ſummons, Donald went, and in going thro' a wood on the 20th or 21ſt of *April*, met the Pr. walking alone. The Pr. ſeeing Donald, went up to him boldly, and aſked him, "if "he was Donald M'Leod of Gualtergil, in the iſle "of Skie;" *yes*, ſaid Donald; then ſaid the Pr. "You ſee the diſtreſs I am in, I therefore throw "myſelf into your boſom, and do with me what "you like, *I am your Prince.*"

In repeating theſe words, the poor old man burſt into a flood of tears, and ſaid, *I hope Sir*, (meaning the perſon he was telling this to) *you'll pardon me, for who can forbear weeping in relating ſo ſad a Subject?* Donald having wiped his eyes, proceeded, and ſaid he told the Pr. *That as he (M'Leod) was old, he was afraid he could not be of any ſervice to the Pr. but yet was willing to do what he could.* Then

ſays

ſays the Pr. *I deſire you'll go with letters from me to Sir Alexander M'Donald and the Laird of M'Leod, for I am perſuaded that thoſe Gentlemen, notwithſtanding what they have done, will yet endeavour to protect me.*

This laſt declaration of the Pr. ſtruck Donald with ſurprize, and he immediately told the Pr. *He would do any thing for him* [*the Pr.*] *except* that: *Becauſe, ſays* Donald, *your Highneſs knows they have played the* R——e *already; and you muſt not truſt them again; for at this very time they are in ſearch for you, with their forces, within ten or twelve miles of you, if they come by ſea, though it be more by land; and therefore the ſooner you remove from this place the better.*

Upon Donald's refuſal as above, the Pr. ſaid, *As you are a good pilot, I deſire then, that you will conduct me through the iſlands to ſome ſafer place than this*; which Donald M'Leod readily agreed to; and accordingly procured an eight oared boat, late the property of John M'Donald, ſon of Æneas or Angus M'Donald of Boradale: This John was either killed at the battle of Culloden, or murdered the next day; for he has never been heard of ſince. Donald Macleod alſo bought a pot to boil meat in, when they ſhould arrive on ſhore, and a firlot (that is four pecks or a quarter of a bowl) of meal, which was all the proviſion he could get there.

On the 26th they went on board in the twilight in the evening at Locknanua in Boradale, being the ſame place where the Pr. firſt landed on the continent of Scotland, and Boradale's houſe was the firſt he entered. There were in the boat the Pr. Oneil, Sullivan, Allan Macdonald, of Clanronald's family, and Donald Macleod, who was pilot, and betwixt whoſe knees the Pr. ſat. The names of the boatmen were Roderick Macdonald;

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Lauchlan Macmurriſh; Roderick Macaſkgill; John Macdonald; Murdock Macleod, ſon of the pilot; Duncan Roy; Alexander Macdonald, and Edward Burk (who had conducted the Pr. from the battle of Culloden to this place.) The above Murdock Macleod was then only fifteen years old, and when he heard of the ſpeedy appearance of a battle, provided for himſelf a claymour [broad ſword] a durk [a ſmall dagger] and a piſtol and went to the battle of Culloden; whence he eſcaped, though hurt; and hunting out the Pr. all the way, followed him, and here met both the Pr. and his own father very well.

I can't help remarking here, that the Pr. muſt have been greatly beloved in this country, when this lad could hunt him out ſo as to find him, and the military folks never could; ſo backward were people to tell where the Pr. was, when his life was in danger.

When they were about to go into the boat, Donald Macleod begged the Pr. would not go that night becauſe it would prove a ſtorm: But the Pr. was ſo anxious to be gone, that he was determined to ſet forwards.

They had not gone far before the ſtorm, which Donald Macleod foreſaw at a diſtance, reached them; and was greater than Donald had ever ſeen before, though always a ſea-faring man on that coaſt: But with this additional grief, that it rained moſt violently all the time they were out: And what was ſtill worſe they had neither pump nor compaſs with them, and the night was as dark as poſſible, inſomuch that none of them knew where they were. This increaſed their fears leſt they ſhould be drove on the iſle of Sky, where the militia were in arms: But next morning, as the light increaſed, they diſcovered they were on the coaſt of the Long Iſle (as that chain

chain of isles is commonly called here) where, about seven o'clock in the morning with great difficulty, they landed at a point of land called Rushness, in the N. E. part of the isle of Benbicula, and hawled their boat on shore to dry land; having run 32 leagues in eight hours; a most extraordinary quick voyage. This isle lies in 57 degrees 40 min. N. Lat. is about five miles long from east to west, and three broad from north to south, and lies betwixt north and south Uist islands.

Thus this storm, which the whole crew thought a great misfortune at first, was one of the most providential things that could befal them; for it prevented any immediate attempt to follow the Pr. and if any boats were out and could get into a secure place, they would certainly put in, rather than run such an apparent hazard of being drowned, which nothing but the immediate hand of providence could prevent, especially in an eight oared open boat crowded and overloaded with thirteen people. So ready is the frailty of human nature to find fault with what providence sends as a real good! At this time, very lucky for the Pr. the Duke of Cumberland and his army thought he had sailed for Saint Kilda in the north; a place so remote, that no suspicion would be readily entertained of the Pr. being there. This place belongs to the Laird of M'Leod, and the people there pay their rents in feathers of the Solan Geese, for which that Laird's factor goes thither annually.

The Duke of Cumberland imagining that the Pr. was gone to Saint Kilda, sent General Campbell with as considerable a force as could be conveyed by the fleet then present.

On sight of this fleet, the inhabitants fled to hide themselves in the cliffs of the rocks, being terrified, having never seen such a sight before.

Some of the forces being landed, inquired of ſuch of the inhabitants as they could find, what was become of the Pretender; to whom theſe poor creatures replied, That they had never heard of ſuch a perſon. They ſaid, indeed, They had heard a report, that their Laird [Macleod] had lately been at war with a woman a great way abroad, but that he had got the better of her; and that was all they knew of the affairs of the world. So the General then returned *re infecta.*

The Pr. here, in Benbicula, got on ſhore into an uninhabited hut, and helped to make a fire to warm the crew, who were almoſt ſtarved to death with cold and wet. The ſtorm continued for fourteen hours after they landed.

Here the Pr. bought a cow for thirty ſhillings, and immediately ſhot her; and had ſome of her boiled in the pot which Donald Macleod had bought. After which the Pr. lay down on the floor, having no other bed than an old ſail-cloth, and ſlept very ſound; but the crew were obliged to keep a good look out, leſt they ſhould be ſurprized by any party of men.

They ſtaid two nights in this place, ſo that on the 29th in the evening, the weather being favourable, they ſet ſail about ſix o'clock for Stornway in the iſland of Lewis, in north lat. 58 d. 8 m. where Donald Macleod did not diſpute but he ſhould be able to procure a proper veſſel to convey the Pr. ſafe into France. They took ſome of their beef with them and ſet ſail, but meeting with another ſtorm, they were obliged to put into the iſland of Scalpa or Glaſs, near the Harris belonging to the Laird of Macleod, and is about 14 leagues north of Benbicula. This iſland is about one mile long and half a mile broad.

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Here they all went on ſhore about two hours before day light, on the 30th in the morning, but paſſed for merchants ſhipwrecked in their voyage to the Orkneys: The Pr. and Sullivan going by the name of Sinclair, the latter for the father and the former for the ſon; and were well entertained at one Donald Campbell's houſe, a farmer.

The next day, May 1ſt. Donald Macleod, ſo often mentioned, procuring a boat of his friend Campbell, went to Stornway with inſtructions to freight a veſſel for the Orkneys.

On the 3d of May the Pr. received a meſſage from Mr Macleod, That a ſhip was ready. The next day therefore, the Pr. having got another boat with four men, landed at Loch-Shefort in Mackennin's country, where Allan Macdonald took his leave and went for South Uiſt.

The Pr. then having Oneil, Sullivan, and his guide with him, ſet out on foot for Stornway, which is about thirty miles by land; and arrived at the point of Aryniſh, about half a mile S. Eaſt from Stornway, on the fifth about noon: Having travelled eighteen hours on the hills in a wet ſtormy night, without any kind of refreſhment, and were miſled by their guide either thro' ignorance or deſign, having conducted them eight miles out of the way, when they might have avoided that trouble by croſſing the ferry from Scalpa to the Harris, which is about a quarter of a mile over. This, though they then thought it a misfortune, yet proved to be the very providential means of preventing the Pr. from being taken, which, had they arrived there ſooner, would have been the caſe; as we ſhall ſee preſently.

From this place the Pr. ſent his guide to Donald M'Leod at Stornway, deſiring he would ſend ſome brandy, bread and cheeſe, for they were almoſt

ſtarved and famiſhed. The faithful Donald ſoon brought it himſelf to the Pr. and his two companions on the moor, all wet to the ſkin, and much wearied with their journey: Wherefore Donald took them to Lady Kildun's (Makenzie) at Aryniſh; to wait there 'till every thing ſhould be ready for ſetting ſail: Being wearied the Pr. went to ſleep.

This done, Donald M'Leod returned to Stornway, but was greatly ſurprized to find the men there riſing in arms, above 200 having already got up. Donald, not knowing what was the occaſion of this riſing, went directly into the room where the Gentlemen were, who had taken upon them the rank of Officers, and aſked them, *What was the matter?* on which they immediately began to curſe him, ſaying, *We hear the Pr. is upon Lewis, and not far from Stornway, coming with* 500 *men, to burn the town and take away our cattle,* &c. *and to force a veſſel from Stornway to carry him to France.* Donald replied, *I think you are all mad, where the devil could the Pr. in his preſent condition, get either* 500 *or* 100 *men?* They replied, *That Mr John M'Aulay, a Preſbyterian Miniſter in South Uiſt, had wrote this to his father in the Harris; and that the father had ſent the ſame to Mr Collin Mackenzie, Miniſter in the Lewis.* † *Well then,* ſays Donald, *ſince you know the Pr. is already on the iſland, I own he is; but he's ſo far from having any forces, that he has only two companions, and when I am there, I make a third: And let me tell you farther, Gentlemen, if Seaforth himſelf was here, he durſt not by G—d put a hand to the Pr. breaſt.*

Upon this, the Mackenzies declared, *That they had no intention to do the Pr. any, even the leaſt*

† This iſle of Lewis belongs to Lord Seaforth and is inhabited by the Mackenzies.

harm;

harm; or to meddle with him at preſent in any ſhape; but then deſired, he might leave them and go to the continent, or any where elſe: The wind being fair, Donald Macleod then deſired a pilot; but they refuſed him one. Donald then returned to the Pr. and gave him a full and honeſt account, how matters ſtood; on which they were all at a loſs what ſteps to take. Some propoſed to fly to the moor; but the Pr. replied, *He would not, I'll ſtand my ground,* ſaid he, *for if we fly, our enemies may be encouraged to purſue.*

Now the reader may obſerve, that had not the Pr. been taken out of the way eight miles by the guide, he would have been in the town of Stornway when Mr Macaulay's letter to Mr Collin Mackenzie arrived; and then the people would have riſen upon him, and have either killed him in their fury, or taken him priſoner: Both which he thus providentially eſcaped.

At this time the Pr. Oneil, and Sullivan, had only ſix ſhirts amongſt them, and were frequently obliged to ſtrip off the wet ones, before the others were half dry.

Two of the four boatmen had fled up to the moor, upon ſeeing the people riſing at Stornway; and the other two went off to ſea with the boat.

While they were at Lady Kildun's, they killed a cow, for which the Pr. would have paid, but ſhe at firſt refuſed, 'till the Pr. inſiſted upon it. When they left the place they took ſome of the cow with them, two pecks of meal, and plenty of brandy and ſugar; and at parting Lady Kildun gave Edward Burk a large lump of butter: This man was generally cook, but the Pr. was the beſt cook, and made them a cake or bread of the brains of the cow mixed up with meal, and baked it upon a ſtone before the fire.

They ſtaid here all night, and about two o'clock in the morning, being the 6th of May, the two boatmen returned with the boat: And as ſoon as day light appeared, they got into the boat and rowed away with only two boatmen, the other not returning from the moor.

The Pr. and company reſolved to go in Donald Campbell's boat to the Orkneys, but the men would not venture; ſo they were obliged to ſteer South along the coaſt ſide, hoping to meet with better ſucceſs: But they ſoon eſpied two Engliſh ſhips, which obliged them to put into a deſert iſland called Euirn or Iffurt being about half a mile long and as much broad; and is twelve miles diſtant from Stornway, and lies a little north of Scalpa or Glaſs.

At this place there were ſome fiſhermen, who taking the Pr. boat to be a preſs boat, belonging to the men of war, ran away leaving their fiſh, pots, &c. The fiſhermen of Lewis dry their fiſh here upon the rock: Some of which the Pr. and company found, and was a feaſt for them. The Pr. at firſt was going to put ſome money, whence he took the fiſh, as pay for them, but recollecting that it would ſhow the fiſhermen, that ſome perſon of note had been there, and might thereby be attended with bad conſequences, he thought proper to put his money up again into his pocket.

They ſtaid on this iſland 'till the 10th, lying in a low pitiful hut like a hogſty, belonging to the fiſhermen: ſo ill roofed, that they were obliged to ſpread the boat's ſail over the top of it, and lie upon the bare floor; keeping watch by turns.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon on the 10th of May, they embarked for the Harris, taking about two dozen of fiſh with them, and got to Scalpa or Glaſs to their hoſpitable farmer's again; and

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in that place offered money to ſome men for a boat, it being ſafer and better than that which they had, but the men rejected the offer.

No wind ſerving, they thence were obliged to row; but about break of day on the 11th, the wind riſing, they hoiſted ſail, and wanting food made Drammack (in Erſe Stappack) with ſalt water mixed with meal; of which the Pr. eat heartily. The Pr. then called for a bottle of brandy and gave a dram to each perſon.

Soon after this they were chas'd by an Engliſh ſhip commanded by Capt. Ferguſon; but made their eſcape among the rocks at the point of Roudil, in the Harris, in Macleod's country. The ſhip followed 'em three leagues: They then kept cloſe on ſhore and ſail'd to Lochmaddy to the South of the Uiſt; thence to Lochniſkiway in Benbicula, and thence to an iſland in that Loch, called Loch Eſcaby, where they arrived about four in the afternoon.

In this voyage they were within two muſket ſhot of the ſhip before they ſaw her at Finſlay in the Harris: They were to the windward and the ſhip was in the mouth of the bay; ſo they made all the haſte they could to the coaſt of Benbicula.

In this courſe they ſaw another ſhip in Lochmaddy in North Uiſt. They had ſcarce got on ſhore when the wind very remarkably turned quite contrary, and blew and rained very hard and drove the ſhips, that were purſuing, quite off. At this the Pr. ſaid, *I ſee providence will not let me be taken alive this time.*

It being low water, one of the boatmen went among the rocks and catch'd a Partan [a Crab Fiſh] which he held up to ſhew to the Pr. in great joy. The Pr. then took up a Cog [a Wooden Pail] in his hand and running to the boatman, deſired to partake

partake of his diverſion, and they ſoon filled the Cog.

There was no houſe, cottage, or hut nearer than two miles, and that only a poor hut, whither they reſolved to go.

When they ſet out, the Pr. took up the Cog full of Partans and march'd away with it: But the faithful Donald Macleod ſoon ran after him, and deſired leave to carry it, but the Pr. would not let him, ſaying, *If I carry this, Donald, then every one of the company will take more or leſs of our ſmall baggage, and ſo it will be more eaſily divided amongſt us; therefore I'll not part with this:* And accordingly he carried it.

When they came to the hut it was ſo low that they were obliged to creep into it upon their hands and knees: Wherefore Edward Burk was ordered to dig part of the ground away to make it eaſier to get into it.

At this hut the Laird of Clanronald went to pay his reſpects to the Pr. and promiſed him all the aſſiſtance he could give him to get him ſafe out of the kingdom; towards which his Lady afterwards aſſiſted, for ſhe ſent the Pr. ſix good ſhirts, ſome brandy and wine, and every thing elſe that was neceſſary and comfortable, as we ſhall ſee in the ſequel.

On the 16th it was thought proper that the Pr. ſhould remove from this naſty hut and go 16 miles farther into the country, as far as the mountain of Curradel or Coradale, in South Uiſt, and there wait till fortune would be more favourable, having firſt ſent Donald Macleod in Campbell's boat to the continent of Scotland, with letters to Lochiel and John Murray, the Secretary, to know how affairs ſtood; and Donald was to carry caſh and brandy back with him to the Pr.

Donald

Donald met Lochiel and Murray at the head of Loch-Arkaig: But got no money at all from Murray, who ſaid, *He had none to give, having only ſixty Louis d'ors for himſelf.*

Donald having received his letters from Lochiel and Murray for the Pr. purchaſed two anchors of brandy at one guinea each anchor, with much difficulty. *At this time*, ſays Donald, *the Pr. looked upon Murray to have been one of his honeſt firm friends: But alas! how he was miſtaken!*

Donald immediately returned and found the Pr. at Curradel where he left him, having been eighteen days away upon this expedition; but found him in a better hut, and having two cow hides placed upon four ſticks to prevent the rain from falling upon him when aſleep. During M'Leod's abſence, the Pr. diverted and ſupported himſelf and company with hunting, ſhooting and fiſhing; for he uſed often to go down to the foot of the hill upon the ſhore, and there go on board a ſmall boat, which was rowed a little way, and then with hand lines catched Lyths, ſomewhat like a young Cod. The Pr. alſo uſed to ſhoot Deer and other game.

It is ſurpriſing to think that the Pr. could be kept ſafe, above three weeks, in ſuch a place, when upwards of 100 people knew where he was, and his enemies were daily out upon the ſcout on all ſides. Both Clanronald and his brother Boiſdale ſaw the Pr. at Curradel.

The militia about this time went to the iſland of Iraſki, lying between the iſlands of Barra and South Uiſt, which is about three miles long and one broad, and is the very firſt Britiſh ground the Pr. landed at. The militia, I ſay, being got thither, obliged the Pr. and company to think of parting and ſhifting their quarters.

On the 14th of June, the Pr. Oneil, Sullivan, Edward Burk and his pilot Donald Macleod ſailed from the foot of Curradel in Campbell's boat, and landed in Ouia or Fovaya, an iſland lying between South Uiſt and Benbicula.

Here they ſtaid four nights, and on the 18th, the Pr. Oneil, and a guide went to Ruſhneſs, and Sullivan and Macleod were left in Ouia. Here the Pr. ſtaid two nights; and then received information that the militia were coming towards Benbicula; on this he found it neceſſary to get back again to the foot of Curradel: But he ſcarce knew what to do as the militia boats had been ſome time between Ouia and Ruſhneſs. Donald Macleod and Sullivan hearing of this, ſet ſail in the night and brought the Pr. from Ruſhneſs to Curradel again; but meeting with a violent ſtorm and heavy rain, they were forced into Uiſhneſs-point, two miles and a half North of Coradale, called Achkirſide-allich, a rock upon the ſhore, in a cleft of which they took up their quarters; this ſtorm laſted a whole day.

At night finding their enemies within two miles of them, they ſailed again, and arrived ſafely at Celieſtiella, from whence they ſteered towards Loch-Boiſdale; when one on board ſwore there was a long-boat before them in their way, and no doubt full of marines, ſo would go no farther; although Donald Macleod was poſitive on the contrary, aſſuring them, that it was nothing but a little rock in the water, which he knew very well, and which had the appearance of a boat at a diſtance: But yet the ſailors would not believe him; ſo they returned back again to Celieſtiella, and ſtaid there that night, and next day got to Loch-Boiſdale, where they got the diſagreeable news of Boiſdale's being made a priſoner, &c.

When

When they firſt ſet out from Curradel for Loch-Boiſdale, they eſpied three ſail within cannot ſhot of the ſhore by break of day, and therefore were obliged to return back again to Celieſtiella, in South Uiſt.

One day as the Pr. was ſailing up and down Loch-Boiſdale, Donald Macleod aſk'd the Pr. 'If 'he once got the *c——n* what he would do with 'Sir Alexander Macdonald and the Laird of Mac-'leod;' *Oh Donald*, ſaid the Pr. *are they not our own people ſtill, let them do whatever they will? It is not to be imputed as their fault for what they have done; but it is altogether owing to the power Preſident Forbes has over their judgments in theſe matters. Beſides*, continues he, *if ever the K— was r—d, we ſhould be as ſure of them for friends as any other whomſoever, they being for thoſe in power. I blame, indeed*, ſays the Pr. *young Macleod much more than his father, for he was introduced to me in France, and ſolemnly promiſed me all the ſervice in his power; but when put to the trial did not perform the leaſt tittle of it.*

While they were here Donald Macleod eſpied two ſail, which he took for French ſhips, but they proved to be Engliſh men of war; which however gave them no trouble.

Here the Pr. reſted ſome days, and found himſelf in a moſt dreadful ſituation, for he had got intelligence that Captain Caroline Scot had landed at Kilbride within leſs than two miles of him. This obliged the Pr. to part from his conſtant attendants, Sullivan, his faithful pilot Donald Macleod, and his guide Edward Burk, and all the boat's crew; keeping only Oneil; and two ſhirts was all their baggage.

When he parted with Donald Macleod, it was with a full reſolution to meet again at a certain place, but by different roads; Donald then went South about, but all the men left him, except one;

upon which he was obliged to ſink the boat and ſhift as well as he could for himſelf.

The others, after parting with the Pr. ſtaid in the field two nights, having only the ſails of the boat for a cover. On the third night they went farther into the Loch, and reſted thereabouts for other two nights, when they got ſight of ſome of the Red Coats; which then forced them to the north ſide of the Loch.

On the 5th of July Donald Macleod was taken priſoner by Allan Macdonald, of Knock in Slate, in the iſle of Sky, a Lieutenant, who at the ſame time took Mr. Macdonald of the family of Glenaladale, and Mr. Foreſt, a Romiſh Prieſt.

They were carried from place to place, and at laſt to Applecroſs Bay in the iſle of Sky; and there put on board the Furnace, Captain Ferguſon. Donald Macleod was immediately carried into the cabin to General Campbell, who examined him very circumſtantially.

The General aſked him, If he had been along with the young Pretender? *Yes*, ſaid Donald, *I winna deny it—Do you know*, ſaid the General, *what money was upon that Gentleman's head? No leſs than* 30,000 *l. Sterling; which would have made you and your family happy for ever. What then?* replied Donald, *what though I had gotten it, I could not have enjoyed it for twa days; conſcience would have gotten the better of me: And although I could have gotten all England and Scotland for my pains, I would not have allowed a hair of his Body to be touch'd, if I could hinder it; ſince he threw himſelf under my care.* The General ſaid, *He could not much blame him.* Or words to that effect.

Donald was conveyed on ſhip-board to Tilbury Fort, and thence removed to London, and at laſt was diſcharged out of a meſſenger's hands (where he

he had been but a little time) on the 10th of June, 1747, which he ſaid he would ever after celebrate as the day of his deliverance.

Edward Burk after parting with the Pr. went over North Strand to North Uiſt, his native country; where he ſkulked in a hill called Eval, for near ſeven weeks; twenty days of which he had not any meat, except Dilſe and Lammocks [a kind of Shell-Fiſh.] About this time a paper had been read in all the kirks, ſtrictly forbidding all perſons to give ſo much as a mouthful of meat to any Rebel, upon penalty of making them ſuffer very ſeverely.—Thus the place appointed to preach the doctrine of Chriſt, was proſtituted to prevent any perſon from feeding the hungry or cloathing the naked, &c. *If theſe be Preſbyterian Tenets, Good Lord deliver us from them.*

After various diſtreſſes, occaſioned chiefly by this order, he at laſt was obliged to hide himſelf in a cave, in North Uiſt, where he was fed by a Shoemaker's wife in the night, and after various troubles, is now ſafe at Edinburgh; not being excepted in the general act of grace.

Donald Macleod ſays, 'That the Pr. never 'ſlept above three or four hours at a time; and in 'the morning called for a chopin [a quart] of wa-'ter, which he drank off at once; firſt inſtilling 'a few drops out of a little bottle; which indeed 'he did into every thing that he drank.'

Thus far, Reader, this account is taken from the journals and from the mouths of both Donald Macleod and Edward Burk in Scotland; which after it was wrote down was read to them, and acknowledged to be true and juſt.

The Pr. having only Oneil with him, now retired to the mountains, where he lay that night, being June the 18th, and next day he received in-

formation, That General Campbell was at Bernarey, an iſland about two miles long and one broad, lying between North Uiſt and the Harris, and belongs to the Macleods.

The Pr. had now military forces on both the land ſides of him, and the ſea on the other, without any kind of veſſel to venture to ſea in ſecurely.

In this perplexity, Captain Oneil thought proper to apply to a young Lady, called Flora Macdonald, who was gone to her brother's at Melton, in South Uiſt, from the iſle of Sky, to make him a viſit; here Oneil having ſome little acquaintance with this young lady, propoſed to her to aſſiſt the Pr. to eſcape from thence.

Miſs Flora Macdonald is daughter of —— Macdonald of Melton, in the iſland of Uiſt, deſcended from Clanronald's Family. Her father died when ſhe was but one Year old, and left one ſon and her. Her mother married again to one Hugh Macdonald of Armadale, in the iſle of Sky; and has by him two ſons and two daughters. This Gentleman is eſteemed the ſtrongeſt man of the name of Macdonald.

Miſs Flora is about twenty-four years of age, of a middle ſtature, well ſhaped, a very pretty agreeable perſon, of great ſprightlineſs in her looks, and abounds with good ſenſe, modeſty, good nature and humanity.

Oneil deſired this Lady to go along with him to the Pr. and to concert with him, what would be the beſt to be done. She objected very much at firſt, for reaſons which ſhe offered: But Oneil convincing her, that the Pr. ſituation would not admit, either of his going to her, or of any long delay; ſhe then at laſt complied, and taking her faithful ſervant Neil Mackechan with her, ſhe accompanied the Captain to the Pr. where every thing

thing neceſſary was concerted, and Miſs promiſed to to uſe her utmoſt to put the ſcheme in execution, provided another method failed, which ſhe then contrived for them, and then ſhe returned to Melton again. Oneil promiſed to get about what ſhe had propoſed immediately, and to let Miſs Macdonald know the anſwer. Oneil tried, but could not bring the other ſcheme to bear; ſo he then went to Melton to acquaint Miſs Macdonald therewith, who ordered him to return back to the Pr. with a meſſage.

Purſuant to the plan laid down, Miſs Flora ſet forwards on Saturday, June the 21ſt, for Clanronald's houſe, to get things neceſſary for the Pr. diſguiſe, *&c.* In going to croſs one of the fords, ſhe and her man Neil Mackechan were taken priſoners, by a party of militia, becauſe they had no paſſports. She demanded to ſee their officer; but being told he would not be there 'till next morning, ſhe aſked what his name was; and then finding he was her ſtep-father, ſhe choſe to ſtay there all night, 'till he ſhould arrive next day, rather than anſwer their queſtions: So ſhe was carried into the guard-room, and kept priſoner, 'till relieved by her father in law, who arrived in the forenoon, on Sunday, June 22d, and was not a little ſurprized to ſee Miſs Flora in cuſtody.

Miſs Macdonald took him aſide, and told him, What ſhe was about, and deſired a paſſport for herſelf, her man M'Kechan, and for one Betty Burk, a woman, who was a good ſpinner; and as her mother had a great quantity of line to ſpin, ſhe alſo deſired a letter to recommend Betty Burk to her; all which her father-in-law conſented to; and then Miſs proceeded on her journey to Clanronald's houſe, where ſhe acquainted Lady Clanronald

nold with the deſign, who was ready to give all the aſſiſtance in her power.

Here Miſs ſtayed 'till Friday the 27th, during which time, Oneil paſſed and repaſſed ſeveral times with meſſages betwixt the Pr. Lady Clanronald, and Miſs Flora.

The time appointed being come, Lady Clanronald, another Macdonald, Miſs Flora, and her man Mackechan, conducted by Oneil, all went to where the Pr. was, at eight miles diſtance, and carried with them the Pr. new dreſs, and ſome other things to ſerve him in his voyage; particularly, a part of a bottle of white wine, being all that the military people had left Clanronald. This the Pr. took eſpecial care of, and would not taſte one drop of it, but preſerved it for his female guide.

When they arrived there the Pr. was in a little hut or houſe, aſſiſting in the roaſting his dinner, which was compoſed of the heart, liver and kidneys of a ſheep or bullock, upon a wooden ſpit.

Oneil introduced the Pr. viſiters to him; where they dined, and at table the Pr. placed Miſs Flora on the right, and Lady Clanronald on his left hand; and all the company eat very heartily.

Next morning they heard of General Campbell's arrival at Benbicula; and ſoon after, a ſervant came in a great hurry to Lady Clanronald, and acquainted her, *That Captain Ferguſon with an advanced party of the Campbell's men, were at her houſe, and that the Captain lay in her bed laſt night.*

This obliged her to return immediately; ſo after taking leave of the Pr. ſhe ſet forwards to her own houſe, where ſhe was ſcarce arrived, before Ferguſon began to examine her very ſtrictly; *Where have you been?* ſays he. She replied, *To ſee a child that has been ſick, but is now better again.* The

Captain

Captain aſked many more queſtions, ſuch as, *Where the child lived? how far it was off from thence?* &c. Lady Clanronald was taken priſoner ſoon after, and put on board a man of war: And her huſband was taken and put on board another, and conveyed to the Thames, where after lying ſome time, they were carried up to London, and detained there, in cuſtody of a meſſenger; the firſt, at Mr Money's, and the latter was, on the 1ſt of November, taken into the cuſtody of Mr William Dick; along with his brother of Boiſdale, Captain Malcolm Macleod, and Roger Macneal of Barra, Eſq; In June following, both he and his Lady were diſmiſſed, without being aſked a queſtion. At the ſame time, Mr Dick brought from on board of ſhip, John Gordon, Eſq; eldeſt ſon of the famous Glenbucket, who was accuſed of reviewing his father's troops; altho' by the help of Dr T—r, he had been quite blind ſix years before: He was alſo diſcharged in June following, without being aſked any queſtions.

Lady Clanronald and the other Macdonald being gone, Miſs told the Pr. to prepare, for it was time to go; on which, Oneil begged hard to go with them, but Miſs Flora would on no account conſent, becauſe there would be too many of them together, and they might therefore be the more taken notice of; ſo the Pr. and he took leave of each other in an affectionate manner.

The company being gone, Miſs Macdonald deſired the Pr. *to put on his new attire*, which was ſoon done; and at a proper time, they removed their quarters and went near the water ſide, where their boat was nigh at hand a-float, to be ready to embark in, in caſe of any ſudden attack from the ſhore.

Here

Here they arrived in a very wet condition, and made a fire upon a piece of a rock, to keep themſelves warm till night. They had not been here long before they were alarmed by four wherries full of armed men, approaching towards the ſhore: At this ſight, they extinguiſhed their fire, as faſt as they could, and concealed themſelves in the heather. Their fears on this account were, however, ſoon over, for the wherries ſailed by, to the ſouthward, within gun ſhot of where they lay, without ever ſtopping.

On the 28th of June, about eight o'clock in the evening, they ſet out in very clear weather, but had not been gone above a league, before the ſea became very rough, and at laſt tempeſtuous. The Pr. finding Miſs and the ſailors began to be uneaſy at their ſituation, ſung them ſeveral ſongs, among the reſt an old ſong made many years ago for the 29th of May: By this, and ſome merry ſtories, the Pr. kept up their ſpirits very well.

Next morning the boatmen knew not where they were, having no compaſs, and the wind varying ſeveral times in the night, tho' it was then again calm: At laſt however they made a point of Waterniſh in the weſt corner of Sky, where they ſoon tried to land, but found the place poſſeſſed by a body of forces; who had alſo three boats or yawls near the ſhore: A man on board of one of theſe boats fired at the Pr. and company to make them bring to; but they rowed away as faſt as they could, being all the chance they had to eſcape, becauſe there were ſeveral men of war within ſight; which would inevitably have followed, had it not been providentially very calm, and the ſhips were at ſome diſtance; the militia in the three boats, for want of oars, could not purſue; but however they ſent up to alarm the people in a little town not far off.

Notwithſtanding the ſtorm, Miſs Macdonald was ſo fatigued, that ſhe fell aſleep on the bottom of the boat; the Pr. obſerving it, ſat cloſe by her and defended her, leſt any thing ſhould fall upon her; or that any of the boatmen in the dark, ſhould ſtep upon her; but the ſea was ſo rough ſhe could not ſleep long.

They got ſafe into a creek or cliff in a rock and there remained to reſt the men, who had been all night at work, and at the ſame time to get ſome refreſhment; however, as ſoon as they could, they ſet forwards again, leſt the alarm given to the village, ſhould bring down the people upon them, which would have been the caſe had they ſtaid, for they had not gone far, before they obſerved the people approaching to the place they had ſo lately left.

From this place they went and landed at Kilbride in Troterniſh in the iſle of Sky, about twelve miles north from the above-mentioned point. In this neighbourhood there were alſo ſeveral militia in ſearch of the Pr. whoſe commanding Officer was at Sir Alexander Macdonald's, the very houſe Miſs Flora was going to; but ſhe did not know the officer was there untill ſhe ſaw him.

At the boat here, Miſs Macdonald left the Pr. and went with her man to Mogſtod or Mungeſtod, the ſeat of Sir Alexander Macdonald; but he was not at home, being then with the Duke of Cumberland: Miſs ſent into the room to Lady Margaret (Sir Alexander's Lady) to let her know ſhe was come, Miſs having before appriſed my Lady of her errand, by one Mrs. Macdonald, who went a little before Miſs Flora for that purpoſe.

Miſs was ſoon introduced into the room, where the company were, amongſt whom was the com-

manding officer of the forces in that neighbourhood, who after ſome time, aſked Miſs, *Whence ſhe came? Which rout ſhe was going? And what news ſhe heard? &c.* all which ſhe anſwered as ſhe thought proper, and very readily, ſo that he had not the leaſt ſuſpicion at that time, of what Miſs was about, eſpecially as he ſaw when ſhe went away, that ſhe had only one ſervant with her, who, he was certain, could not be the Pr.

Miſs Macdonald, having told Lady Margaret, where ſhe had left the Pr. and the ſituation he was in, my Lady was at a loſs what to do; but as Mr. Macdonald of Kingſborough, Sir Alexander's ſteward or factor, was in the houſe, ſhe applied to him, and deſired he would conduct the Pr. to Kingſborough; which he readily complied with, and ſent a boy down to the boat, with inſtructions to ſhew the Pr. to a place about a mile diſtant from the boat; whither he himſelf would go, and be there ready to attend the Pr. The boy went off directly, and Kingſborough, taking ſome wine and other refreſhments for the Pr. ſoon after ſet out for the place of rendezvous; leaving Miſs Flora with Lady Margaret.

When Miſs Flora thought the Pr. and Kingſborough might be got to ſome diſtance; ſhe then made a motion to go, and ordered her horſes out directly; but Lady Margaret preſſed her ſtrongly before the officer to ſtay, telling her at the ſame time, *That ſhe* (Miſs Flora) *had promiſed to ſtay the next time ſhe came, when ſhe was laſt there*; but Miſs begged her Ladyſhip to excuſe her this one time; becauſe, ſays ſhe, *I have been ſome time away, and my mother is not very well, and entirely alone in theſe troubleſome times:* At laſt Lady Margaret excuſed her; but only upon renewing her former promiſe

to make amends the next time ſhe went thither; which Miſs very willingly complied with.

Every thing being ready, Miſs Flora and her man, Mrs. Macdonald aforementioned, and her man and maid all ſet forwards: They had not gone far before they overtook the Pr. and Kingſborough; Mrs. Macdonald was very deſirous of ſeeing the Pr. face; which he as carefully avoided by turning it to the oppoſite ſide; but however, ſhe had ſeveral opportunities of ſeeing it, as much as he was diſguiſed.

Mrs. Macdonald's maid could not keep her eyes off the Pr. and ſaid to Miſs Flora, *I think I never ſaw ſuch an impudent looking woman, as Kingſborough is walking with; I dare ſay ſhe is either an Iriſh woman, or a man in woman's cloaths:* Miſs Macdonald replied, *She was an Iriſh woman, for ſhe knew her, having ſeen her before. Bleſs me,* quoth the maid, *what long ſtrides the jade takes, and how aukwardly ſhe manages her petticoats, &c.*

Miſs Macdonald not liking the maid's obſervations, and knowing they were near the place where the Pr. and Kingſborough were to turn out of the common road; and that it was not proper to let Mrs. Macdonald's man and maid ſervant ſee which rout they and Kingſborough took; ſhe therefore called out to Mrs. Macdonald to ride faſter, for ſays ſhe, *we ſhall be late out*; this was complied with, and they ſoon loſt ſight of the two on foot, who preſently after, turned out of the common road, to avoid the militia, and went over the hills S.S.E. till they arrived at Kingſborough's houſe, which was about eleven o'clock at night, on Sunday June the 29th, in a very wet condition, having had much rain, and having walked ſeven long miles. Miſs Macdonald arrived about the ſame time, along

the highway, having parted with Mrs. Macdonald, her ſervant and maid. Oneil after parting from Miſs Macdonald went and met Sullivan, who was yet upon the iſland; when about two days after the Pr. and Oneil had parted, a French cutter, having 120 men on board, went to iſle of South Uiſt; intending to carry off the Pr. who, they were informed, was there. Sullivan went immediately on board, while Oneil went to ſeek for the Pr. hoping he might meet with him (the Pr.) before he and Miſs Macdonald ſhould leave the iſland; but Oneil, finding the Pr. had left the iſland two days before, returned to the place where he had left the cutter. But the veſſel was gone about three hours before. There were two ſmall wherries, juſt within ſight, filled with thirty armed men in each, which were ſent out by an Engliſh Officer after this very cutter, but could not get near her.

Oneil was ſoon after taken priſoner, but being a foreign officer, was only a priſoner of war; he was put on board a man of war, where, in a little time after, he ſaw Miſs Macdonald a priſoner alſo, for doing what he had been the inſtrument of bringing about. He was afterwards conveyed to Berwick upon Tweed, and after ſome time ſent home according to the cartel. But to return—

When the Pr. got to Kingſborough's houſe, Mrs. Macdonald, not expecting her huſband home after that time of the night, was undreſt and juſt going into bed, when one of her maid ſervants went up and told her, *That Kingsborough was returned, and had brought ſome company with him. What company*, ſays Mrs. Macdonald? *Melton's daughter, I believe*, ſays the maid, *and ſome company with her.—Melton's daughter*, replied Mrs Macdonald,

nald, *is very welcome here with any Company ſhe pleaſes to bring; but make my compliments to her, and tell her to be free with any thing in the houſe; for I am ſleepy and undreſt, ſo I can't ſee her to night.*

In a ſhort time, Kingſborough's daughter went up in as great hurry as ſurprize, crying out, *Mamma, mamma, my father has brought hither a very odd, muckle, ill-ſhaken-up wife as ever I ſaw; nay, and has taken her into the hall too.*

She had ſcarce ſaid this before Kingſborough himſelf went into the room and deſired his wife to dreſs again, as faſt as ſhe could, and get ſuch meat as they had ready for ſupper——*Who have you with you*, ſays Mrs. Macdonald? *You ſhall know that*, replied he, *in good time, only make haſte.*

Mrs. Macdonald then, deſired her daughter to go and fetch the keys, which ſhe had left in the hall. The girl went, and ſoon ran back again in a great hurry, and ſaid, *Mamma, mamma, I can't go in for the keys; becauſe the muckle woman is walking up and down the hall, and I am afraid of her* [meaning the Pr.] Mrs. Macdonald then went herſelf, but was ſo frightened, as ſhe ſaid, *At ſeeing ſuch a muckle trollup of a carling make ſike lang ſtrides through the hall, that ſhe did not like her appearance*; and then ſhe deſired her huſband to fetch them; but he would not; ſo ſhe was obliged at laſt to go herſelf.

When ſhe went into the room, the Pr. was ſitting, but got up immediately and ſaluted her; Mrs. Macdonald then began to tremble, having found a rough beard; imagining it was ſome diſtreſſed Nobleman or Gentleman in diſguiſe, but never dreamed it was the Pr. ſhe therefore went directly out of the room, with the keys in her hand, to her huſband, without ſaying one word to the Pr.

and

and greatly importuned Kingſborough to tell her who it was; and if he (meaning the perſon in diſguiſe) could tell any thing of what was become of the Pr.—Kingſborough ſmiled at her naming the beard, and told her, *My dear, it is the Pr.—The Pr.* cry'd ſhe, *then we are a' ruined, we will a' be hanged now.———Houte*, cried he, *we will die but once, and if we are hanged for this, we die in a* Good Cauſe, *doing only an act of humanity and charity. But go, make haſte with ſupper, bring us eggs, butter, cheeſe, and whatever elſe is ready.—Eggs, butter and cheeſe*, quoth ſhe,— *What a ſupper is that for a Pr. —Oh Wife!* replied he, *you little know how this good Pr. has lived of late; this will be a feaſt to him: Beſides, to make a formal ſupper, would make the ſervants ſuſpect ſomething; the leſs ceremony therefore the better, make haſte, and come to ſupper yourſelf. I come to ſupper*, ſays ſhe, *I know not how to behave before Maj—y.—You muſt come*, replied Kingſborough, *for the Pr. will not eat one bit without you; and you'll find it no difficult matter to behave before him; ſo obliging and eaſy is he in his converſation.*

I hope the reader will excuſe me, for giving this dialogue in their own words; not being able to give a better idea of the figure the Pr. muſt have made, and of the diſtreſs he was in, than in their own way of expreſſing their meaning.

At ſupper the Pr. placed Miſs Flora at his right hand (always paying her the greateſt reſpect wherever ſhe was, and always riſing up whenever ſhe entered the room) and Mrs. Macdonald at his left. He made a plentiful ſupper, eating four eggs, ſome collops, bread and butter, drunk two bottles of ſmall beer at ſupper, and then calling for a bumper of brandy, he drunk health and proſperity to his landlord and landlady; and after ſupper,

per, ſmoak'd a pipe. Having been ſo much afflicted with the tooth-ach in his wanderings, he was obliged to ſmoke to obtain ſome mitigation of his pain; and he was often obliged to uſe the ſame pipe, till it was as black as ink, and worn or broken to the very ſtump. After drinking a few glaſſes of wine and finiſhing his pipe, the Pr. went to bed.

When the Pr. and Kingſborough were going from Mongſtod to Kingſborough, the Pr. ſaid he propoſed going to the Laird of Mac Leod's, as being a place the government people would not ſuſpect; but Kingſborough would not agree to that; and gave ſome of his reaſons to ſupport his opinion: *What*, ſays the Pr. *do you think that M'Leod to his former doings, would add that of thirſting after my Blood?* "I am not certain of that," replied Kingſborough; "but I have received a Letter from the "Laird of M'Leod, wherein he deſires me to de- "liver you up, if you ſhould fall into my way; and "ſaid, I ſhould thereby do a great ſervice to my "country." The Pr. therefore ſoon dropt that project. Some time after this, the Laird of Mac Leod aſked for the letter again; but Kingſborough abſolutely refuſed to give it to him, and farther ſaid, *he would keep THAT to ſhew what part M'Leod acted from under M'Leod's own hand.*

Kingſborough alſo ſaid to the Pr. That he [Kingſborough] could not conceive what it was that made him go that day to Mongſtod (Sir Alexander's houſe) for he had no manner of buſineſs there, nor owed any viſit; I'll tell you, ſaid the Pr. 'You could not avoid going, for I have been 'the particular care of providence, and *That* ſent 'you thither on my account; there being no per- 'ſon elſe, who could aſſiſt me.'

Both

Both Kingſborough, his wife, and Miſs Flora Macdonald, were particularly aſked, whether the Pr. had the itch, as ſome of the ſcriblers gave out, and they all declared, they never ſaw a perſon freer from it, not having a ſpot to be ſeen, which they wondered at, conſidering what he had undergone.

After the Pr. was gone to bed, Mrs. Macdonald deſired Miſs Flora, to relate the Pr. adventures as far as ſhe knew of 'em; which ſhe did, and when ſhe had concluded her ſtory; Mrs. Macdonald aſk'd her, 'What was become of the boatmen, who 'brought 'em to that iſland?' Miſs replied, 'They 'went back again, directly for South Uiſt;' 'That was wrong, ſays Mrs. Macdonald, for you 'ſhould have kept them on this ſide for ſome time 'at leaſt, till the Pr. could have got farther from 'his purſuers.'

As Mrs. Macdonald conjectured, ſo it proved, for the boatmen were immediately ſeized on their return, and being threatened with the torture or death, both which are abſolutely againſt our law, but is what we muſt expect, when ruled by thoſe we pay: By theſe threats and torture, I ſay, the men revealed all they knew, and gave a deſcription of the gown, being a linnen or cotton gown, with purple ſpriggs thickly ſtampt, and a white apron. This thought of Mrs. Macdonald determined Miſs Flora to deſire the Pr. to change his dreſs, as we ſhall find preſently he did; being himſelf not willing to march any farther in that dreſs, having found it too troubleſome the day before.

This great feaſt which the Pr. had got, being the moſt material refreſhment he had met with for a long time, agreed ſo well with him, that he

ſlept

ſlept nine or ten hours withont interruption, whereas in a general way, he ſeldom required above three or four hours reſt.

Morning being come and far advanced, miſs Macdonald began to be afraid, leſt the Pr. lying too long, ſhould give his enemies time to overtake him, and therefore deſired Kingſborough to go into his room, and call him up; who, with much perſuaſion, went, but finding the Pr. in ſo ſound a ſleep, would not awake him, and ſo retired quietly out of the room again: But every thing being ſoon after ready for his journey, miſs Macdonald inſiſted that Kingſborough ſhould call him up, with which he complied; and having awaked the Pr. aſked him, *How he had reſted?* and the Pr. replied, *Never better in my life; for I have not lain in a bed a long time before this.*

Altho' the Pr. was to change his dreſs, it was thought neceſſary to leave the houſe in the ſame habit he arrived, becauſe, in caſe of a purſuit, it would prevent the ſervants from deſcribing the dreſs he was to travel in.

When the Pr. had dreſſed himſelf except his head, the ladies went into his chamber to pin his cap, put on his apron, and to dreſs his head. Before miſs put on the cap, Mrs Macdonald deſired her in Erſe, to aſk the Pr. for a lock of his hair; which miſs refuſed to do, ſaying, *Can't you aſk him yourſelf?* The Pr. finding they were diſputing about ſomething deſired to know what it was, and then Mrs. Macdonald told him her requeſt, which he immediately granted, and laying his head on miſs Flora's lap, bad her cut a lock off; which ſhe did and gave Mrs Macdonald one half and kept the other herſelf.

The Pr. being dreſſed, got his breakfaſt, took his leave of his landlady, and then he and Kingsborough,

borough, with a bundle of Highland clothes under his arm, went to a woodſide not far from Kingſborough, and there changed his dreſs. This being done the Pr. embraced Kingſborough in his arms, and bad him a long and happy adieu, and in a moſt affectionate manner thanked him for his ſervices, and aſſured him he would never forget them. They both wept, and a few drops of blood fell from the Pr. noſe; Kingſborough then ſent a guide with the Pr. to Portree or Purtree, that is in Erſe Port Ree, Kinſport; thro' all the byways, while miſs Flora rode on horſeback by another road, thereby the better to gain intelligence, and to prevent a diſcovery: This place is ſeven long miles from Kingſborough. The gown the Pr. had on was a Linnen and Cotton, having a white ground, with purple coloured flowers. Mr Steward Carmichael, near Leith, had a ſtamp made exactly after this pattern, and has ſold great numbers, ſo exactly done as not to be diſtinguiſhed from the original, even by miſs Macdonald herſelf.

Kingſborough had ſent a perſon before to procure a boat, and every thing elſe neceſſary towards the Pr. eſcape. The Pr. being arrived ſafe here, again met his female preſervatrix, and this was the laſt time they ſaw each other. The Pr. and miſs Macdonald were both very wet, and ſtaid no longer there than to dry their clothes, and to get ſuch little refreſhment as the place afforded; which took up about two hours time; and then the Pr. took leave of miſs Flora Macdonald, returning her his ſincere thanks for her kind aſſiſtance, and greatly lamented, That he had not a Macdonald to go on with him to the end.

According to my method hitherto, I muſt give the reader the remaining hiſtory of Kingſborough

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and miſs Macdonald before I go any further with the Pr.

About ſix or eight days after the Pr. left Skie, Captain Ferguſon followed him in hot purſuit; and from the boatmen who were taken at or in their return to South Uiſt, having got an exact deſcription of the gown and dreſs the Pr. had on, purſued to Sir Alexander Macdonald's houſe, and there ſearched very ſtrictly, and hearing only of miſs Flora Macdonald, went to Kingſborough, and there examined Mr and Mrs Macdonald, and Mrs Ann Macallaſter their daughter.

The Captain firſt found Kingſborough, and aſked him ſeveral queſtions, ſome of which he anſwered, and others he either could or would not anſwer, and told the Captain he had better aſk Mrs Macdonald, who could give proper anſwers; Kingſborough accordingly called Mrs Macdonald, and ſaid, That Captain Ferguſon was come to aſk her ſome queſtions about her late gueſts. *If Ferguſon*, ſays ſhe, *is to be my judge, then God have mercy on my ſoul.* Ferguſon aſked her why ſhe ſaid ſo? She replied, *Becauſe the whole world ſay, 'You 'are a very cruel hard hearted man, and indeed I 'don't like to go through your hands.'*

Ferguſon then aſked Kingſborough, 'Where 'miſs Macdonald and the perſon in woman's 'cloaths, who was with her, lay?' Kingſborough replied, *He knew where miſs Flora lay, but as for ſervants, he never aſked any queſtions about them.*

The Captain then aſked Mrs Macdonald, *Whether ſhe laid the young Pretender and miſs Flora in the ſame bed?* To which ſhe anſwered, *Sir, whom you mean by the young Pretender, I do not pretend to gueſs; but I can aſſure you, it is not the faſhion in Sky, to lay the miſtreſs and maid in the ſame bed together.*— The Captain then deſired to ſee the rooms wherein

each lay; which were ſhewn; and he then remarked, that the room, the ſuppoſed maid ſervant laid in, was better than that wherein the miſtreſs lay.

Kingſborough was taken priſoner, and carried to Fort Auguſtus, and was there plundered of his ſhoe-buckles, garters, watch and money; and in a few hours after thrown into a dungeon heavily loaded with irons. While he was priſoner, one of the captains of the Engliſh forces went to him and aſked him, 'If he could tell the Pr. head if he ſaw 'it;' Kingſborough, trembling at the thought of the Pr. being murdered, replied, *He could not engage for that, unleſs it was joined to the body.* Kingſborough was removed hence to Edinburgh Caſtle, under a ſtrong guard of Kingſton's Light Horſe, who entered the city with ſound of trumpet and beat of kettle-drums; a thing very uncommon in ſuch a caſe. He was at firſt put into the ſame room with major Macdonald, Mr George Moer, Laird of Leckie, Mr Thomas Ogilvie and others; but was ſoon after removed into a room by himſelf, without being allowed to croſs the threſhold; and none were permitted to ſee him, except the officer upon guard, the ſerjeant and keeper, which laſt was appointed to attend him as ſervant. He was here kept till the Act of Grace, and was then diſcharged on the 4th of July, 1747, having been confined a year for giving one night's lodging.

Kingſborough was at laſt diſcharged, whilſt at Fort Auguſtus, by miſtake for another of the ſame name; but Lord Albemarle, finding out the miſtake, ſoon ſent a party after him, who overtook him at Sir Alexander Macdonald's, juſt as he was going to bed: By this means he had an oppportunity of hearing from Sir Alexander's own mouth, what

what a rage a certain *Great Officer* was in, when he found Kingsſborough a priſoner at Fort Auguſtus; what horrid and ſhocking oaths, and imprecations he threw out againſt Kingsborough, for not ſecuring the Pr. and ſwore *HE would have him hanged at any rate:* All which Sir Alexander was a witneſs to.

Miſs Macdonald, having taken leave of the Pr. left Portree immediately, and went to her mother's at Slait, croſſed the country and had a very fatiguing journey; but ſhe neither told her mother, nor any other perſon, what errand ſhe had been about.

One Macleod of Taliſkar, an officer in one of the independent companies, deſired one of the Macdonalds, who lives four miles from Slait, to ſend for miſs Flora, and examine her about what had happened; accordingly about eight or nine days after miſs Flora got home, ſhe received a meſſage from this Macdonald for her to go to his houſe as ſoon as ſhe could.

Miſs Flora, being not a little ſuſpicious of the deſign, thought proper to communicate to her friends, what ſhe had done, and conſult them as to what ſhe ſhould do; upon which they adviſed her not to go; however, not to go till next day; but ſhe was reſolved to go, and accordingly ſet out very ſoon after.

She had not gone far on the road before ſhe met her father-in-law returning home; to him ſhe told every thing that had happened, from her leaving him in her way to Clanronald's houſe, to that time; as alſo what ſhe was then about, and what ſhe intended to ſay upon examination.

She had not gone far, after parting from her father-in-law, before ſhe was taken priſoner by an officer and a party of ſoldiers, who were going to her

her mother's to ſearch for her: They carried her immediately on board a ſhip without ſuffering her either to go and get her clothes and linnen, or to take leave of her friends.

She was put on board the Furnace, Captain Ferguſon, which put her under terrible apprehenſions, on account of that Captain's great reputed inhumanity and cruelty, which was ſpread thro' the whole country: But, very lucky for her, General Campbell was on board, who gave ſtrict orders, That miſs ſhould be uſed with the utmoſt civility and reſpect; that ſhe ſhould have a maid ſervant, and that they two ſhould have one of the Lieutenants cabins to themſelves, forbidding every perſon to go into it without her leave or conſent: This favour I have heard miſs Flora acknowledge many times.

About three weeks after ſhe was thus a priſoner, the ſhip being very near her mother's, General Campbell permitted her to go on ſhore to take leave of her friends, but yet in cuſtody of two officers and a party of ſoldiers, however ſhe was not to ſpeak any thing in Erſe, nor any thing except what the officers heard; ſo ſhe ſtaid about two hours and then returned again to the ſhip.

When ſhe went from home and was taken priſoner, ſhe upon her examination told, That ſhe had ſeen a great luſty woman, who came to the water ſide as ſhe [miſs Flora] was going into the boat, and told her, *That ſhe [the ſuppoſed luſty woman] was a ſoldier's wife, and was left on the iſland without friends, meat or money, and deſired ſhe [miſs Flora] would give her a place in the boat, that ſhe might get to the continent of Scotland, to her huſband; and that ſhe [miſs Macdonald] granted the requeſt; and that when they landed in Skie, ſhe [miſs Flora] went directly to Sir Alexander Mc Donald's,*

nald's, and the luſty woman went on her own way, thanking her [miſs Flora] for the favour. This ſtory miſs at firſt told; but when ſhe got to General Campbell, ſhe found the boatmen, who had conveyed her to Skie, were taken, and had told all they knew of the matter, therefore ſhe acknowledged and told the whole truth.

Miſs Macdonald was removed on board Commodore (now Admiral) Smith's ſhip, where ſhe was exceedingly well treated, and he was very kind to her; for which, when ſhe was in London, ſhe ſat for her picture at his requeſt.

The ſhip, on which ſhe was aboard, was ſome time in Leith road, and from that time, being conveyed from place to place, was at laſt, on November 28th, 1746, put on board the Royal Sovereign lying at the Nore, whence on the 6th of December following, ſhe was removed to London in cuſtody of Mr William Dick, a meſſenger, having been five months on ſhip-board. In this meſſenger's cuſtody ſhe remained till July 1747, when ſhe was diſcharged without being aſked any queſtions, and returned to Edinburgh.

This relation is taken from the remainder of Oneil's journal, and from the mouths of Kingsborough, his lady and miſs Flora Macdonald.

Having concluded the hiſtory of Kingsborough and miſs Macdonald, I muſt now return to the Pr. again.

Kingsborough having ſent to the Laird of Raaza to deſire his aſſiſtance, Captain Malcolm Macleod, (who had been an officer under the Pr. and was at the battles of Falkirk and Culloden) and Murdock Macleod third ſon of Raaza (who was alſo at the battle of Culloden and was there wounded in the ſhoulder by a muſket ſhot) met the Pr. at Portree in the iſle of Skie; where miſs Macdonald

nald left him. This was on Monday night of June the 30th, when it was very dark, having come in a ſmall boat that would only contain ſix or ſeven men.

They ſtaid but a little time after their arrival, and then they attended the Pr. to the ſmall boat, wherein John Macleod the young Laird of Raaza was waiting, being deſirous of ſeeing what ſort of man the Pr. was. They ſet out immediately, there being in the boat only the Pr. Captain Malcolm Macleod, his guide; the young Laird of Raaza, and his brother Murdock; the two boatmen, *viz.* John Mackenzie and Donald Macfrier, who had been both out in the Pr. ſervice, the one, a ſerjeant, and the other, a private man. Early in the morning on July 1ſt, they arrived ſafe at Glam in Raaza, being ſix miles: But I muſt advertiſe the reader, That all the miles I have or may mention in this account are Scotch miles. They ſtaid here two days and a half, in a mean low hut; and young Raaza brought the Pr. a lamb and a kid in the corner of his plaid: They were obliged to lay on the bare ground, having only a little heath or ling for a pillow.

There was a man went into this iſland to ſell a roll of tobacco; but after he had ſold the tobacco, he continued ſtrolling up and down the iſland, in an idle way for twelve or fourteen days, without having any apparent buſineſs; which made the people of the iſland ſuſpect he was a ſpy.

When the Pr. and Malcolm were in the hut, the Captain ſaw this very man approaching towards them; on which Malcolm was determined to ſhoot him thro' the head to prevent his going to tell tales. *No Malcolm*, ſays the Pr. taking hold of him, *God forbid that any innocent man ſhould ſuffer by us; if we can but keep ourſelves ſafe, let us not take that*

from any perſon, which we can't reſtore to him again, and would not allow the Captain to ſtir. Malcolm had the more reaſon to ſuſpect this man to be a ſpy, becauſe this hut was not near any road, but, however, luckily for the man, he paſſed by without ever offering to look into it, which if he had attempted, Malcolm was determined to have ſhot him, in order to preſerve themſelves.

On July the 3d, the Pr. propoſed going to Troterniſh in Sky, altho' it blew very hard, and had no other than the ſmall boat abovementioned, and accordingly ſet forward about ſeven o'clock in the evening, having the ſame company to attend him.

They had not gone far before the wind blew harder, and the crew begged to return back again, but the Pr. encouraged them, and told them, *That as providence had carried him thro' ſo many dangers, he did not doubt of the ſame Care as before*; and then ſang them a merry Highland ſong. The waves waſhed very frequently into the boat, and Malcolm was ſufficiently employed in lading the water out again.

About eleven o'clock at night they landed at a place in the iſland of Skie, called Nicholſon's Great Rock, near Scorobreck in Troterniſh, being about ten miles from Glam in Raaſa or Raarza: When they got to the rock it was bad landing, and the Pr. was the third man who jumped into the water, and helped to hawl the boat up to dry ground.

The Pr. had on a great riding coat, which being wet through, and the rock they were going up being very ſteep, Malcolm deſired the Pr. to let him carry it; but he would by no means conſent, alledging, *He was as able to carry it as the Captain.* They travelled thus to a Byre [Cowhouſe] belonging to one Mr. Nicholſon about two miles from Scorobreck.

Here the Pr. and company took up their quarters; and Malcolm would have had the Pr. to put on a drier ſhirt and take ſome ſleep. He would not change his ſhirt, but ſleep at laſt ſeized him as he ſat. He often ſtarted in his ſleep, and ſighing deep, would ſay, *Ah, poor England! poor England!*

The Pr. after ſome little time awaked, and finding Malcolm upon the watch, earneſtly deſired him to take ſome reſt, who at that time would not; but the Pr. renewing his requeſt again, the Captain thought that perhaps he might want to ſay ſomething to the reſt of the company in private; and therefore the Captain went out for a little time.

The two brothers and the boatmen here left the Pr. and returned; the Pr. promiſing to meet the younger at Camiſtinawag, another place in the ſame iſland.

The Pr. and Malcolm ſtaid here twenty hours in all without any kind of refreſhment, not even ſo much as a fire to dry their clothes with.

On the 4th about ſeven o'clock in the evening they left the Byre, the Captain paſſing for the maſter, and the Pr. for the man, who always carried the little baggage whenever they ſaw any perſon, or came near any village; and at thoſe times, whenever he ſpoke to the Captain, or the Captain to him, he always pulled off his bonnet.

They marched all night thro' the worſt ways in Europe, going over hills, wild moors and glens, without halting, 'till they arrived at Ellagol or rather Ellighill, near to Cilmaree or Kilvory in Strath; and near to a place in ſome maps called Ord, in the Laird of Mackinnen's country, and not far from where that Laird lived, having walked twenty-four miles.

In their travelling, the brandy bottle was near out, having only one dram in it, which the Pr. would force Malcolm to drink, declaring, *He wanted none himſelf*, which Malcolm then took and afterwards hid the bottle.

In their road the Pr. ſaid, *Suppoſe, Malcolm, we two ſhould meet any body, who ſhould attempt to kill or take us; what ſhall we do?* 'That depends 'upon their numbers,' replied Malcolm, 'for if 'there be no more than four of them, I'll engage 'to manage two;' *And I'll engage to manage the other two*, ſaid the Pr.

The Pr. obſerving to Malcolm, That his own [the Pr.] waſte-coat was rather too good for a ſervant, being a ſcarlet Tartan, with a gold twiſt button, propoſed to change with him, which was accordingly done.

As they were approaching near Strath, Mackinnen's country, the captain ſuggeſted to the Pr. That now he was coming to a country, where he would be known, and therefore might be diſcovered in every corner of it, as Mackinnen's men had been out in his ſervice, and that therefore he muſt be more diſguiſed; to do which the Pr. put on a dirty napkin and his bonnet over it, putting his wig into his pocket: *But nothing*, ſays Malcolm, *could diſguiſe his majeſtic mien and carriage.*

They no ſooner were arrived in Strath, than they met two of Mackinnen's men, who had been out with them in the expedition: They ſtared at the Pr. and ſoon knew him, and with lifted up hands they burſt into tears on ſeeing him in ſuch diſtreſs. The Captain deſired they would take care what they did and compoſe themſelves, for otherways they would diſcover who the Pr. was by their concern; which they complied with, as well as they

could; and then Malcolm ſwearing them to ſecrecy diſmiſſed them, and they proved faithful.

Being come near the place they propoſed going to, Malcolm told the Pr. that he had a ſiſter married to one John Mackinnen, a Captain in the Pr. army; and then he adviſed the Pr. to ſit down at a little diſtance from the houſe, whilſt he [the Captain] went into the houſe and ſhould enquire of his ſiſter, or her husband, whether any of their enemies were in that neighbourhood in queſt of him, and likewiſe to know whether he [Malcolm] could be ſafe there with her; telling the Pr. he was ſtill to paſs as his ſervant Lewis Caw.

Malcolm went and found his ſiſter at home, but her husband was out; and after the uſual compliments at meeting he told her, *That he was come to ſtay ſome little time there, provided there was no party of the military people about them, and that he could be ſafe.* She gave a ſuitable anſwer; and then he told her, *He had no perſon along with him, except one Lewis Caw (ſon of Mr Caw, ſurgeon in Crief) who had been out in the laſt affair, and conſequently in the ſame ſituation with himſelf; and that he was to paſs as Malcolm's ſervant.* She very readily agreed to take him and Lewis Caw, as the Pr. was called, into the houſe.

When Lewis entered the houſe with the baggage on his back, and the napkin on his head, he took off his bonnet, made a low bow and ſat at a diſtance from his maſter; but the Captain's ſiſter could not help looking at Lewis, obſerving ſomething very uncommon about him.

The Captain deſired his ſiſter to give them ſome proviſions, for he was almoſt famiſhed with hunger: The proviſions were ſoon ſet out, and then the Captain called to *poor ſick Lewis* to draw near and eat with him as there was no company in the houſe;

Lewis

Lewis ſeemed very backward, alledging, He knew better manners; but his maſter ordering him again, he obeyed, and drew nearer, but ſtill kept off his bonnet.

After having got ſome refreſhment, the Captain deſired the maid ſervant to waſh his feet, which being done, he deſired her then to waſh his man's, but ſhe replied, *That tho' ſhe had waſhed his* [the Captain's] *yet ſhe would not waſh that Lubberly Loon his ſervant's:* But the Captain told her, *His ſervant was not well, and therefore he aſked her to do it.* She then undertook it, but rubbed his feet ſo hard, that ſhe hurt him very much; on which the Pr. ſpoke to the Captain in Engliſh to deſire her not to rub ſo hard, nor go ſo far up with her hand, he having only a Philibeg on.

After this refreſhment both the Pr. and the Captain went to ſleep; during which time, the Captain's ſiſter went to the top of a hill to keep watch leſt they ſhould be ſurprized.

The Pr. did not ſleep above two hours, tho' the Captain being weary ſlept much longer, but when he awaked, he ſaw the Pr. dandling a child, and ſinging to it, and ſeemed as alert as if he had been in bed all night: *Who knows*, ſays the Pr. *but this boy may hereafter be a Captain in my ſervice.*

The Captain being thoroughly awake, and hearing his brother in law was coming, went out to meet him. After uſual ceremonies Malcolm aſked him, *If he ſaw thoſe ſhips of war* (pointing to them) *that were at a diſtance hovering about the coaſt? Yes*, ſaid Mr Mackinnen. *What*, ſays Malcolm, *if the Pr. be on board one of them?—God forbid.* replied Mackinnen. — *What*, ſaid Malcolm, *if he was here, John, do you think he would be ſafe enough? I wiſh we had him here*, replied John, *for he would be ſafe enough, and nothing would hurt him here:—*

Well

Well then, replied Malcolm, *he is now in your houſe; but when you go in, you muſt not take any notice of him, leſt the ſervants or others obſerve you; for he paſſes for one Lewis Caw my ſervant.*—John promiſed very fair; but he no ſooner ſaw the Pr. in that condition, than he burſt out into a flood of tears, which Malcolm obſerving, obliged John to retire immediately.

When the Pr. and Malcolm were alone, the Captain deſired he would tell him the perils he had already eſcaped; which being told, Malcolm ſeemed amazed; upon which the Pr. replied, *This is nothing to what I am to undergo, but providence will guard me thro' the whole, as well as it has hitherto done. What I have undergone is a leſſon I wiſh every Pr. underwent before he came to govern, for it would then give him an inſight into the diſtreſſed ſituation of his ſubjects, and be thereby a means to make him cautious, not wantonly to throw away their riches.*

After much more of this ſort of converſation, they began to conſult how the Pr. was to get to the continent of Scotland; and both agreed not to let the Laird of Mackinnen know of their being there, on account of his being ſo old. They then called in John Mackinnen, and deſired him to go and hire a boat, as if for Malcolm only; and made John promiſe not to communicate any thing of what he had heard or ſeen about them to the Laird if he and John ſhould chance to meet.

John having his inſtructions ſet forwards; but ſoon meeting with his old Chieftain he could not refrain letting him into the ſecret.

The good old man, hearing John's relation, ordered him to give himſelf no trouble about the boat; for that he [the Laird] would provide a good one; and would ſoon be with the Pr.

John

John returned and told the Pr. what had happened, and that the Laird would ſoon be with him. Malcolm then ſaid to the Pr. *As the caſe now ſtands, it will be beſt to leave all the management to the old gentleman, who will be firm to his truſt.* The Pr. notwithſtanding this, was uneaſy at the thought of parting with his faithful captain: But Malcolm repreſented to the Pr. that as he [the captain] had been ſome time abſent, the military people might purſue him upon ſuſpicion; and if ſo, he might be the cauſe of the Pr. being taken alſo. *But if I return, and ſhould be taken priſoner,* ſaid Malcolm, *which may very likely be the caſe; it will yet enable me to prevent ſo quick a purſuit after you; becauſe as I am alone, I can tell my own tale without being confronted, and can ſend them upon a wrong ſcent: For myſelf,* continued Malcolm, *I care not, but for you I am much afraid; and as I can do you more ſervice by leaving, than ſtaying with you, I deſire you'll follow the Laird of M'Kinnen's directions.* The Pr. at laſt conſented, and juſt at that time the old gentleman got to them, and told them he had got the boat ready; upon which they ſet out for it directly, being accompanied thither by John M'Kinnen alſo, who even went with his Laird to the continent of Scotland, and ſaw the Pr. ſafe landed there.

As they were on their way towards the boat, the captain ſpied two men of war coming towards them with full ſail before the wind; and thereupon he entreated the Pr. not to attempt to go on board at that time, but to wait 'till the men of war had ſteered another courſe; 'for juſt now, continues Malcolm, 'the wind is fair for them, but againſt 'you.' *Never fear,* replied the Pr. *I have not had ſo many eſcapes to be catched here; I'll go on board, and you'll find the wind will change immediately, and make thoſe very ſhips ſteer a contrary courſe: Provi-*

dence

dence will yet take care of me, and it will not be in the power of thoſe ſhips to come near me at this juncture.

By this time they were got to the ſea ſide, and the Pr. being about to ſtep into the boat, being eight o'clock at night, turned ſuddenly to Malcolm, and ſaid, 'Don't you remember I promiſed to meet 'Murdock M'Leod, at ſuch a place' naming it? 'No matter,' ſaid the captain, 'I'll make your 'apology; for as neceſſity drives you another 'road, he'll excuſe you.' *That's not enough*, replied the Pr. *Have you pen, ink and paper about you, Malcolm? I'll write him a line or two; I'm obliged in good manners to do ſo.* Accordingly he wrote the following words.

Sir,

I thank God, I am in good health, and have got off as deſigned: remember me to all friends, and thank them for the trouble they have been at.

I am, Sir,
Your humble Servant
James Thompſon.

The Pr. then gave this letter to the captain's own hand, and deſired him to deliver it, tho' open, for he had neither wax nor wafer with him.

The Pr. then deſired Malcolm to light his pipe, accordingly the Captain fired a piece of tow with his gun and held it to the pipe.

At parting, the Pr. preſented Malcolm with a ſilver ſtockbuckle, embraced and ſaluted him twice, and thanking him for what he had done, put ten guineas into his hand, which the captain refuſed, but the Pr. forced him to take them. Here alſo the Pr. having got a better pipe had no farther occaſion for the ſhort one, which was black with uſe, and which was called the *Cutty*, this Malcolm took

took, and ſome time after gave it to a friend of his in England.

Having taken leave of Malcolm, the Pr. the old Laird of M'Kinnen, John M'Kinnen, Malcolm's brother in law and the boatmen, all went on board in the evening of the 5th day of July.

What the Pr. had ſaid to Malcolm, about the wind ſoon changing fair, and being ſpoken with ſuch confidence, made ſo great an impreſſion upon Malcolm, that he was determined to ſit down upon a hill ſide and ſee the event. He waited, and does declare, 'That the Pr. crew had not rowed half a 'mile, and that towards the men of war too, before 'the wind chopped about; and not only blew fair for 'the Pr. but blew ſo briſk a gale, that it ſoon drove 'the men of war out of ſight.' The truth of this, both captain Malcolm and thoſe in the boat will atteſt upon oath, if required.

As the captain had ſeen the Pr. in the height of proſperity and in the greateſt adverſity, a worthy clergyman of my acquaintance aſked him his opinion of that young gentleman; his anſwer was, that *the Pr. was the moſt cautious man he ever ſaw, not to be a coward; and the braveſt, not to be raſh.*

I muſt obſerve here, that it is no difficult matter in many caſes to foretell a ſpeedy change of the wind; for almoſt any ſailor can do that; but what is the moſt providential for the Pr. is, that it ſhould be about to change at the very identical time he was going on board.

Captain Malcolm returned home again, but was not many days there before he was taken priſoner, and was detained on board of a ſhip, conveyed into the Thames, and on the firſt of November, 1746, was removed to London, and there kept in the hands of Mr William Dick, a meſſenger, 'till July 1747, and then was diſcharged without being aſked

any queſtions. He had cleared himſelf of taking arms in behalf of the Pr. by ſurrendring with his men according to the Duke of Cumberland's proclamation. He and miſs M'Donald returned to Scotland together. All this account was given by captain Malcolm M'Leod himſelf, and was wrote down as he dictated.

I obſerved that the Pr. left the Iſland for the continent of Scotland the 5th of July, under the care of the old laird of M'Kinnen. The night proved tempeſtuous and the coaſt was very dangerous; they alſo met a boat, in which were ſome armed militia, with whom they ſpoke, and as the militia did not much exceed their own number, the Pr. and crew were reſolved to make all the head they could, and to fight in caſe they had been attacked. But in ſpite of all theſe dangers, they landed ſafe in Moidart, being about 30 miles from the place they ſet out from; and went again to Mr Angus M'Donald's houſe at Boradale, changed his dreſs, and ſent for Macdonald of Glenaladale, of Clanronald's family.

Many of thoſe who read this account, will ſcarce think it poſſible that the Pr. could have eſcaped being drowned in ſo many ſtorms, when in the open ſeas in ſuch ſmall veſſels, the largeſt of which was heavy laden with thirteen men, and ſome of them ſcarce would hold ſix people; did not ſomething like this appear in the octavo edition of Anſon's Voyages? pag. 375. "The cutter of a ſixty gun "ſhip (being only an open boat of about 22 feet in "length) was ſix weeks on the ocean, expoſed to "ſtorms and tempeſts, and yet weathered it the "whole time."

After having landed the Pr. the Laird of Mac-Kinnen took his leave, and ſet forwards in the ſame boat on his return home; but was taken priſoner in Morar in his paſſage back (ſo cloſe was the Pr. purſued,

purſued, and was conveyed into the Thames by ſea, and there, partly on board, and partly at Tilbury Fort, was kept a cloſe priſoner until he was removed to the new gaol in Southwark, where he was put into irons, and in 1748, was removed into the hands of a meſſenger.

Glenaladale, as I obſerved, being ſent for, came, and then informed the Pr. about Lochiel, Keppock and others, and that the loſs at Culloden and after the battle, was not near ſo great as Sullivan and Oneil had told him.

The Pr. then propoſed to go to Lochabar, where he believed his beloved Lochiel was; but as all the paſſes were ſo cloſely guarded, it was deemed at that time impracticable. For one line was formed from Inverneſs to Fort Auguſtus, and from thence to Fort William, to prevent either the Pr. or any other from eſcaping: And another line was formed from the head of Locharkaig to prevent any paſſing into or out of Lochabar. The Pr. continued ſome days in that country, being in Glen Beaſdale, about ten miles from Moidart, and ſtaid till he heard of the arrival of general Campbell with 400 men on one ſide of him, and captain Caroline Scot with 500 more on the other; they having received intelligence whereabouts the Pr. was, were forming a circle round him; and were not two miles diſtant from him.

The Pr. then having an account of this, was adviſed to go to the Braes of Glenmoriſton, and there, and in Lovat's country to continue untill the paſſes ſhould be opened. In this ſituation he ſent for Mr Donald Cameron of Glenpane, to be their guide to the Braes of Locharkaig; he came, and in the night, conducted the Pr. very ſafe thro' the guards, who were in the paſs, and went ſo cloſely to their tents as to hear every word that was ſaid, being obliged to

creep upon their hands and knees. At the ſame time there went with the Pr. Glenaladale, his brother, and two young boys, ſons of Angus M'Donald of Boradale.

After this, the Pr. continued his journey for Glenmoriſton's country. As they were travelling one day, and having only Glenaladale with him, the latter loſt his purſe with forty guineas in it, in going about three miles; he lamented this misfortune the more, becauſe it was all the money they had, the Pr. having none left. This gentleman propos'd to go back and ſeek for it, ſaying, *He was certain he could go the very ſame road, and ſhould find it:* The Pr. oppoſed it, and deſired he would not go back; but all in vain, for he was reſolute, and accordingly went back, deſiring the Pr. to wait and reſt himſelf behind the hill adjoining, 'till he ſhould return.

The gentleman being gone, and the Pr. at his poſt, meditating upon the goodneſs of providence in preſerving him hitherto, tho' often in the midſt of the greateſt dangers; when at a diſtance he ſpied a party of ſoldiers advancing, upon which he hid himſelf as well as he could; but yet in ſuch a manner as to ſee the ſoldiers, who went by, not far from him, and then went the very rout, where the Pr. and the other gentleman would have gone, had not the purſe been loſt, or had it not been their whole ſtock; and then they both muſt have been taken or killed. Thus, what they were regretting as their very great misfortune, was the means of their preſervation. Something like this we find in the Voyages abovementioned, pag. 412. "Thus were "we forced upon Tinian, the moſt deſirable and "ſalutary meaſures by accidents, which at firſt we "conſidered as the greateſt of misfortunes; for had "we not been driven by contrary winds and cur-"rents, to the northward of our courſe (a circum-

"ſtance,

" ſtance, which at that time gave us the moſt terri-
" ble apprehenſions) we ſhould, in all probability,
" never have arrived at this delightful iſland, and
" conſequently we ſhould have miſſed of that place
" where alone all our wants could be moſt amply
" ſupplied." The Pr. watched the ſoldiers as far as he could; and then ſoon after his friend returned with the purſe, to whom the Pr. communicated what he had ſeen; and both of them joined in returning God thanks for his care of them; and then proceeded on their way, but not as they had at firſt propoſed.

They got into Glenmoriſton very ſafe, but were almoſt famiſhed with hunger, when the Pr. ſaw a little hut at a diſtance and ſome ſmoke going out of the hole in the roof; *Thither*, ſays he, *will I go let the conſequence be what it will*; *for I had better be kill'd at once than be ſtarv'd to death with hunger, having been forty-eight hours without meat.* His friend did all in his power to diſſuade him from it; but he would go.

When they got to the hut, the Pr. went boldly in without ſhewing any manner of concern, and there found ſix ſtout luſty fellows at dinner upon a large piece of boiled beef: *A ſight he had been long a ſtranger to.*

Theſe men were ſix noted thieves, who had made this hut in that place for privacy and ſafety, and were not a little amazed at ſeeing the Pr. go in there. One of them knew the Pr. and alſo knew he was ſkulking, but not thinking it ſafe to tell the reſt of the company, who their new gueſts were, had the preſence of mind, upon ſeeing the Pr. to cry out,—*Ha! Dougal M'Cullony, I am glad to ſee thee!* The Pr. by this expreſſion found he was known, and with equal ſteadineſs of countenance

tenance thanked him; ſat down among them, and eat very heartily.

The Pr. his friend, and the man who knew the Pr. walked out after dinner, and then conſulted, what farther was to be done; and being informed of the ſtate of the country about, and of the military people, found it abſolutely neceſſary to wait here for ſome time, and that the other five men muſt be entruſted with the ſecret; which being done, they rejoiced that they had it in their power to ſerve the Pr. and proved of great ſervice, and were very faithful. With theſe truſty men and Glenaladale, the Pr. continued betwixt the Braes of Glenmoriſton and Glen-Strath-Ferrar, 'till the guards were removed and the paſſes opened.

About this time, *viz.* the middle of July, one Roderick Mackenzie, a merchant in Edinburgh, who had been out with the Pr. was ſkulking among the hills about Glenmoriſton, when ſome of the ſoldiers met with him; and as he was about the Pr. ſize and age, and not much unlike him in the face; was a genteel man and well dreſſed, they took him for the Pr. Mr Mackenzie tried to eſcape them, but could not, and being determined not to be taken and hanged, (which he knew if taken would be his fate) he bravely reſolved to die ſword in hand, and in that death to ſerve the Pr. more than he could poſſibly do by living. This bravery and ſteadineſs of Mr Mackenzie confirmed the ſoldiers in their belief, that he was the Pr. on which account one of them ſhot him; who, as he fell, cried out to them, *You have killed your Prince, You have killed your Prince*, and expired immediately. The ſoldiers overjoyed with their ſuppoſed good fortune in meeting with ſo great a prize, immediately cut off the brave young man's head, and made all the haſte they could to Fort-Auguſtus, to

tell the news, and to lay claim to the 30,000*l.* producing the head, which ſeveral ſaid they knew to be the Pr. head. This great news was ſoon carried to the Duke, with the head, who ſo far believed the *Great Work* was done, that he ſet forward for London, from Fort-Auguſtus, on the 18th of July, as ſoon after Mr Mackenzie's death, as he could poſſibly go. It was about this head, that Kingſborough was aſked the queſtion beforementioned by one of the captains of the Engliſh forces.

The ſoldiers and militia ſent out to take the Pr. and his adherents, now imagining that he was killed and his head ſent to London, began to be leſs ſtrict, and not to keep ſo good a look-out as before; by which means the Pr. eſcaped from place to place with leſs danger.

I obſerved before that the Pr. continued betwixt the Braes of Glenmoriſton and Glen-Strath-Ferrar, 'till the guards were removed, and all the paſſes opened. About the Beginning of Auguſt, he went with his retinue as above to Lochabar and to Achnaſual, on the ſide of Locharkaig, two miles from Achnacarie the ſeat of Lochiel.

The Pr. and company had brought no proviſions with them, expecting to be ſupplied in that country, where there uſed to be greater plenty than whence they had come; but they were greatly diſappointed, finding all the whole country plundered and burnt, and no cattle or any other ſort of proviſions to be got. In this diſtreſs they remained ſome time, when at laſt, one of the Glenmoriſton men 'ſpied a ſingle hart and ſhot him; on this they lived without bread or ſalt.

The next day the Pr. was informed, That Macdonald of Lochgarie, Cameron of Cluns and Cameron of Lochnaſual, were in the neighbouring moun-

mountains, ſent after them, and at the ſame time ſent a meſſenger to Lochiel, who was then about twenty miles off, to let him [Lochiel] know where he [the Pr.] was. Before the Pr. ſent to Lochiel, he [Lochiel] had heard alſo that it was ſuppoſed the Pr. was in the country, and ſent his brother doctor Archibald Cameron, and the rev. Mr John Cameron, by different roads, to get all the intelligence they could of the Pr.

The perſon ſent by the Pr. to Lochiel, met Dr. Cameron within a few miles of the place where Lochiel was, who was obliged to return with two french officers, whom he had met with, and who were in queſt of the Pr. alſo.

This faithful perſon ſent by the Pr. would not own to the doctor, or to the two French officers, that he knew any thing about the Pr. his orders being only to tell it to Lochiel himſelf, which he punctually obeyed; and as he ſaid he had buſineſs of the utmoſt conſequence, the doctor conducted him, with the two officers, to Lochiel.

Next day Lochiel ſent doctor Cameron, with four ſervants to the Pr. and ſent the officers at the ſame time to be under the care of one of his friends, till farther orders.

Mr Cameron the miniſter, whom his brother Lochiel had ſent out to get intelligence of the Pr. after travelling and ſearching ſeveral days, went to Achnacarie where he met with his brother the Dr. going to the Pr. with the four ſervants, who, as the river was not fordable, raiſed a boat, which captain Munro of Culcairn had ſunk after ſearching the iſle of Locharkaig.

When Culcairn was plundering in this iſland, he ſaw ſome new raiſed earth, and imagining he ſhould find either money or arms concealed, had it dug up, but only found a man's corps with a good

Holland

Holland ſhirt on, which made him believe it to be Lochiel: He thereupon ſent an expreſs to the duke of Cumberland to tell him that Lochiel was dead of his wounds: But it really was the corps of —— Cameron, brother of Allan Cameron of Callart, which laſt was taken at Culloden and carried to London. However, rather than have no plunder, they took the ſhirt and left the corps lying on the ground.

Dr. Cameron and the miniſter, obſerving ſome men by the water ſide in arms, ſent ſome of Cluns's children to ſee who they were; they ſoon found that they belonged to Cluns, ſent the boat for them, and then ſent the four ſervants back again to Lochiel, pretending they were going to ſkulk in the wood for ſome days, and that keeping ſuch a number together might be dangerous.

They then croſſed the river, and went to the hut where the Pr. was, which was built on purpoſe in a wood betwixt Achnaſual and the end of Locharkaig. The Pr. and Cameron of Achnaſual, upon ſeeing the doctor and his brother at a diſtance, and not then knowing who they were, had left the hut and went a little from it; but being ſoon informed who they were, immediately returned, and then there was a joyful meeting: And when they told the Pr. that Locheil was well, and recovered of his wounds, he returned God thanks thrice for it, and expreſſed an uncommon ſatisfaction.

The Pr. was at this time bare-footed, had on an old black kilt coat, a plaid, and a philibeg; a gun in his hand, and a piſtol and durk by his ſide; he was very chearful and in good health. They had killed a cow the day before, and the ſervants were roaſting part of it. At dinner the Pr. eat heartily of the beef, and ſome bread which they had got from Fort-Auguſtus; and no

man could ſleep ſounder than he did. He now began to ſpeak ſome little Erſe.

The Pr. propoſed going immediately to Lochiel, but a friend telling him that he ſaw in the News Papers, (which they got at the ſame time they got their bread) that it was ſaid the Pr. had paſſed Coriarrick with Lochiel and thirty men, which probably might occaſion a ſtrict ſearch in thoſe parts; he therefore reſolved to ſtay ſome days longer where he was. However two or three days after this, the Pr. ſent Lochgary and doctor Cameron to Lochiel: And then diſmiſſed Gleneladale and the Glenmoriſton men to return home again. And the Pr. continued in the hut with Cluns's children, captain M'Raw of Glengary's regiment, one or two ſervants, and the rev. Mr John Cameron.

The two officers I mentioned above, who went to Lochiel with doctor Cameron, came from Dunkirk, in a ſmall veſſel, with ſixty other gentlemen, who had formed themſelves into a company of volunteers under the command of the ſaid two officers. They got to Polliver in Seaforth's country, where four of them landed, to deliver their diſpatches; two of whom were taken priſoners, *viz.* one Fitzgerald, a Spaniſh officer, whom they hanged at Fort-William, pretending he had been a ſpy in Flanders; the other was called monſ. de Berard, a French officer, and was ſome time after exchanged upon the cartel. The other two wandered in Seaforth's country, till Lochgarie, hearing they had letters for the Pr. ſent captain Macraw and his own ſervant for them, that they might be ſent to Lochiel, ſince the Pr. could not be found; this was about the middle of July.

When they came to Lochiel, ſome perſon told him thoſe officers had left their letters with Alexander Macleod, one of the Pr. aid de camps.

Though

Though this proved true, yet as they themſelves had not told it to Lochiel, it made him ſuſpect them to be the government's ſpies.

The Pr. was very deſirous of ſeeing theſe officers, but the rev. Mr John Cameron told him what both Lochiel, the doctor, and he himſelf were afraid of; upon which the Pr. reſolved to act in this affair with great caution, and ſaid, *He could not help obſerving, that it probably might be as they conjectured, becauſe if they were not ſpies, it was ſurprizing that two men, without one word of Erſe, and quite ſtrangers in the country, could eſcape the troops, who were always in motion in queſt of himſelf* [the Pr.] *and his followers.*

However, as theſe officers had told Lochiel, That they had never ſeen the Pr. he, the Pr. laid a ſcheme to ſee them ſafely, and, therefore, he wrote a letter himſelf to them, to this purpoſe, viz. *That to avoid falling into his enemies hands, he was under a neceſſity to retire to a remote country, where he had no perſon with him except one captain Drummond and a ſervant; and as he could not remove from where he was, without danger to himſelf and them, he had ſent captain Drummond with this letter; and as he could repoſe entire confidence in him, he deſired they would tell whatever meſſage they had to the bearer, captain Drummond, and take his advice as to their conduct.* This letter the Pr. propoſed to deliver himſelf, as captain Drummond; accordingly the officers were ſent for, and were introduced to the Pr. under this borrowed name.

The Pr. then delivered the letter to them, with which they ſeemed very well pleaſed, and told him every thing they had to ſay; which he afterwards ſaid was of no great conſequence as his affairs then ſtood. They continued there two days, and aſked

captain Drummond many queſtions about the Pr. health, his manner of living, &c.

The Pr. thinking the packet left with Mr Alexander M'Leod might be of uſe to him, ſent for it; but as it was in cypher and directed to the French ambaſſador, he could make nothing of them. Lochiel ſtill took care of theſe officers till the Pr. was ready to go away, when they were conducted to the ſhip, and when they ſaw that they had before converſed with the Pr. in ſo very free a manner, taking him then really for captain Drummond, they were greatly aſhamed and aſked his pardon.

The Pr. and company continued in this wood and in that over againſt Achnacarie (having three huts in different places, to which they removed by turns) until about the tenth of Auguſt; on which day Cluns's ſons, and Mr Cameron the miniſter, went to the Strath of Cluns to get intelligence.

They were not half an hour in the hut, which Cluns had built for his family (after his houſe was burnt) when a child of ſix years of age went out, and returning haſtily, ſaid, that ſhe ſaw a body of ſoldiers: this they could not believe, as Lochgarie had promiſed Lochiel to have a guard between Fort Auguſtus and Cluns's, to give intelligence.

They went out however, and found all true, as the girl had told. Cluns ſkulked to obſerve the motion of that party: one of his ſons and Mr John Cameron the miniſter, went to inform the Pr. who was that day in one of the huts on the other ſide of the water Kiaig, a ſhort mile from Cluns's; and in croſſing the water at the Ford, under cover of the wood, and going within piſtol ſhot of the hut, Mr Cameron obſerved the party advancing.

The Pr. was aſleep, it being about eight o'clock in the morning, Mr Cameron however awoke him; and told him, that a body of their enemies was in ſight,

ſight: He then aroſe very compoſedly, called for his gun, ſent for captain M'Raw and Alexander, Cluns's ſon.

As they had not received intelligence of this party's marching out of Fort-Auguſtus, they concluded that there was ſome treachery in the caſe, and that they were ſurrounded on all ſides. However, they were determined, though but eight in number, that rather than yield to be b-tch--d by their m-rc-l-ſs enemies, to ſell their lives as dear as they could in the defence of their Pr. and to die like men of honour.

The Pr. examined all their guns, which were in pretty good order, and ſaid, he hoped they ſhould do ſome execution before they were killed: for his part, he ſaid, *he had been bred a Fowler, and could charge quick, was a tolerable mark's-man, and would be ſure of one at leaſt.*

They then left the hut, and marched to a ſmall hill above the wood, from whence they could ſee a great way up Glenkengie, and not to be diſcovered. They got there unobſerved, which was owing to the wood: the Pr. then ſent Cluns and the miniſter to take a narrow view of the party, and reſolved that night to go to the top of Mullantagart, a high mountain in the Braes of Glenkengie, and ſent one to Cluns and the miniſter, to know what they diſcovered or were informed of.

When Cluns and the miniſter had got to the Strath of Cluns, the women told them, that the party was about 200 of lord Loudon's regiment under captain Grant of Knockardo in Strathſpey; that they had carried away ten milch cows, which Cluns had bought after he was plundered before; and that they had found out the hut the Pr. had in the wood of Tervalt, and ſaid they were gone to fetch Barriſdale's cattle to the camp.

In the evening, Cluns's ſon went to his father from the Pr. and then they all returned, and carried ſome whiſky, bread and cheeſe, and got to the Pr. about twelve o'clock at night. He was on the ſide of the mountain, without fire or any covering; they perſuaded him to take a dram, and made a fire, which however they durſt not keep above half an hour before they extinguiſhed it.

By day light, they went up to the top of the mountain, where they ſtaid till eight o'clock in the evening without riſing up. The Pr. ſlept all the forenoon in his plaid and wet ſtockings, though it hailed; from hence they went that night to the Strath of Glenkengie, where they killed a cow, and lived merrily for ſome days.

From this place they went to the Braes of Achnacarie, and waded thro' the water of Arkey, which reached up to the mid-thigh; in which wet condition the Pr. lay all night and next day, in the open air, yet catched no cold.

In a day or two, Lochgary and Dr. Cameron returned from Lochiel (to whom they had been ſent) and told it as Lochiel's opinion, that the Pr. would be ſafer where Lochiel was ſkulking, which pleaſed the Pr. very much.

The next night the Pr. ſet out with Lochgarie, Dr. Cameron, Alexander, (Cluns's ſon) the reverend Mr. John Cameron and three ſervants: they travelled in the night and ſlept all the day, till they got to Lochiel, who was then among the hills between the Braes of Badenock and Athol. The Dr. and his brother went by another road on a meſſage to Badenock. The miniſter returned about the 13th of September, and the next day was ſent ſouth, by Lochiel, to hire a ſhip to carry them off, from the eaſt coaſt.

The

The ſhip was provided, and one ſent to inform the Pr. of it, who, with Lochiel and others, was to go where the ſhip then lay: But before this meſſenger got to the place where the Pr. and Lochiel had been, two of his friends, who had orders to watch on the weſt coaſt, had been to tell them, that two French ſhips were arrived at Moidart.

Upon this the Pr. ſet out from where they were the night following, and at the ſame time, ſent to inform others who were ſkulking in different places. Some arrived at the place appointed in time, but ſeveral, by ſome accident or other, had not that good fortune.

The Pr. reached Moidart on September the 19th, 1746, and on the 20th, embarked on board the Bellona of St. Maloes, a Nantz privateer of 32 carriage, and 12 ſwivel guns, and 340 men, brought hither by colonel Warren of Dillon's regiment, who went on purpoſe for a veſſel. The Pr. after ſeeing his friends all on board both the ſhips, then embarked himſelf, ſet ſail immediately for France, where he landed ſafely at Roſcort, near three leagues weſt of Morlaix, on the 29th of the ſame month, having had a pleaſant voyage.

The Bellona was afterwards taken, on the 2d of February following, by three men of war, *viz.* The Eagle, the Edinburgh, and the Nottingham.

From the above account we find, That the Pr. was twice in danger of being ſhot; and five times in danger of being drowned, being in great ſtorms in little open boats; nine times purſued and in ſight of the men of war, and armed veſſels.

Many times in danger of being taken, often ſeeing his purſuers, and ſometimes being within hearing of what they ſaid.

Six times eſcaped being taken miraculouſly.

He

He was often almoſt famiſhed for want of meat and drink, and muſt have ſtarved inevitably, had he not found the fiſh at the deſert iſland of Euirn or Iffurt; and if one of the Glenmoriſton men had not found and ſhot the hart.

He was moſtly obliged to lie in miſerable huts, or on mountains, having no other bed than the bare ground or heath, and without any other covering than the dews or rains; and add to all theſe, that he had frequent returns of the bloody flux.

Thus, reader, you have a faithful account of the whole eſcape, taken from the authorities which are already mentioned; and this account, ſince the Pr. return to the continent of Scotland, is chiefly taken from the journal of the rev. Mr John Cameron, Preſbyterian miniſter and chaplain to Fort-William, who you find has been much with the Pr. I ſhall therefore conclude with his own words, *viz.*

I have told you what I was witneſs to, or informed of by ſuch as I could abſolutely depend upon, I ſhall only add, ‘ *That the Pr. ſubmitted with patience to* ‘ *his adverſe fortune, was chearful, and frequently* ‘ *deſired Thoſe, who were with him, to be ſo. He* ‘ *was cautious when in the greateſt danger; never at* ‘ *a loſs, in reſolving what to do, with uncommon for-* ‘ *titude. He regretted more the diſtreſs of thoſe, who* ‘ *ſuffered for adhering to his intereſt, than the hard-* ‘ *ſhips and dangers he was hourly expoſed to.——To* ‘ *conclude, He poſſeſſes all the virtues that form the* ‘ *character of* A True Hero *and* A Great ‘ Prince.

The Pr. after landing at Roſcort, proceeded on his journey to Paris, where the Chateau St. Antoine was fitted up for his reception; he ſcarce well arrived here than he went to Verſailles, and was there received by the king and queen of France with

with all the marks of the moſt tender affections and ſeeming demonſtrations of joy. At different times he related to them the chief of his ſufferings, and they ſeemed to be greatly affected with the melancholy ſtory; and endeavoured to comfort him with fair promiſes; but the memory of his diſappointment was yet too recent, and the news, which was continually arriving, of the commitments, trials and executions of ſome of the moſt faithful of his followers, filled him with an anxiety not eaſily to be removed, and left but little room for pleaſurable ideas.

This was only a private viſit, therefore it was thought neceſſary for him to make his compliments to the king and his court in form, and in the character which he had born by commiſſion from his father. This he did in about ten days time, in the following manner: In the firſt coach went the lord Ogilvie, Mr Kelly the ſecretary, who eſcaped out of the tower, and two other gentlemen; in the ſecond went the Pr. and the eldeſt Lochiel, who was maſter of the horſe, two pages lolled on the boot, and ten footmen in the Prince of Wales's livery walked on each ſide; in the third went captain Stafford (who was a long time in Newgate) and other three gentlemen of the bedchamber; the younger Lochiel and ſeveral gentlemen followed on horſeback; who all made a grand appearance; met with a moſt gracious reception, and the Pr. ſupped with the king, queen, and royal family; and all who attended him were magnificently entertained at the ſeveral tables appointed for them, according to the rank they bore under the Pr.

The French ſoon raiſed ſome new regiments wholly compoſed of Engliſh, Scotch and Iriſh, and the command of one of them was given to

lord Ogilvy (who, with his corps, fought ſo deſperately at the battle of the Val) and another to young Lochiel. This, and ſeveral other methods the French took to ſooth the Pr. and to make him ſubſervient to their purpoſe; but though he ſaw through their whole deſigns, he could no way help himſelf as affairs then ſtood, therefore he put on a maſk as well as the French miniſtry; and looked upon all their promiſes to be made with no intention of being performed.

In France the Pr. amuſed himſelf with plays, operas, paying and receiving viſits, *&c.* and after being there ſome time, he made a tour to Madrid incog. What his buſineſs was there, and what ſucceſs he met with, remains as yet a ſecret; however, 'tis well known, he was greatly careſſed there. His ſtay at Madrid was about five or ſix days, and then after making a tour of near four months, he returned to Paris.

Whatever diſappointments the Pr. met with, nothing chagrined him more than his brother's acceptance of a cardinal's hat, which happened about this time. His diſcontent at this was ſo great, that he forbad all who were about him ever to mention his brother in his preſence, and he always omitted drinking his health at meals as heretofore he had done.

In this ſituation all things ſeemed to go on till the negotiation for a peace was advancing, when the Pr. had a fair opportunity of throwing off the maſk, which he had ſo long wore; and then hired a fine hotel on the Kay de Theatin, oppoſite to the Louvre on the banks of the Seyne, for himſelf and the chief of his retinue, on purpoſe, as he ſaid, to be near the opera and playhouſe, and other diverſions of Paris, to ſome of which he generally went every evening.

During

During this time, he neither went ſo frequently, nor ſtayed ſo long at Verſailles, as he had been accuſtomed to do, and rather avoided, than ſought, any private conferences with the king. The firſt publick indication he gave of his diſguſt, was to cauſe a great number of medals, both of ſilver and copper, to be caſt with his head and this inſcription:

CAROLUS WALLIÆ PRINCEPS.

And on the reverſe, BRITANNIA, and ſhipping, with this motto:

AMOR ET SPES
BRITANNIÆ.

Every body was ſurprized at the device, as France was reduced to the condition of making peace, entirely by the bravery and ſucceſſes of the Britiſh fleet: This device gave great offence to the French miniſtry, and to ſeveral of the nobility and others.

Soon after the French plenipotentiaries were ſet out to meet thoſe of other powers at Aix-la Chapel, in order to open the congreſs, the Pr. entered his proteſt there againſt all that ſhould be concerted or agreed upon, in that or any other congreſs, in prejudice to his title and pretenſions.

After ſigning the preliminaries, the Pr. went no more to court, but appeared far from being diſconcerted at this event, and was not the leaſt ſhocked, but ſeemed determined to contemn his fate, inſtead of complaining on the ſeverity of it, and kept his reſolution to the end, even in the midſt of the moſt ſhocking and unexpected trials.

As by one of the articles of peace, the Pr. was obliged to leave France, the king wrote a letter to the ſtates of Friburg, deſiring they would receive

him in a manner becoming his birth, and as a Prince who was very dear to him.

Neither the one or the other had any effect on the deportment of the young hero, he continued to live as a perſon wholly diſintereſted and regardleſs of what was doing, 'till the king, who had doubtleſs expected he would have gone of his own accord, but finding he did not, ordered cardinal Tencin to acquaint him with the neceſſity there was for his departure.

This the cardinal did in the moſt tender manner, but received ſuch evaſive anſwers from the Pr. that he could not give the king any poſitive account whether he would go or not.

The king, however, waited about fourteen days, when being informed that the Pr. made not the leaſt preparation for his departure, ſent the duke de Geſvres with a meſſage of the ſame nature as before; the Pr. only replied, *That he had ſo little expected ſuch a ſtep had been taken, that he had not yet ſufficient time to conſider how to behave in it.*

This anſwer produced a delay of another fortnight, when the duke de Geſvres was ſent a ſecond time, and on his expatiating, That the king was under the neceſſity of executing this article of the treaty, the Pr. replied with ſome warmth, *That there was a prior treaty between himſelf and the king, from which he could not depart with honour.*—It was in vain the duke urged him to be more explicit, the other only bid him deliver what he had ſaid to the king, who would know his meaning.

Notwithſtanding theſe meſſages were no ſecret, the Pr. ſhewed ſo little intention to leave Paris, that his people bought ſeveral pieces of new furniture for his houſe. Among other perſons, he ſent for the king's goldſmith, who had been employed by himſelf before, and ordered him to make a ſervice

vice of plate to the value of an hundred thouſand crowns, to be ready againſt a particular day he mentioned, which the goldſmith promiſed not to fail in; but it ſo happened, that immediately after he received orders to prepare ſuch a large quantity for the king's uſe againſt that time, that he found it impoſſible to comply with both, on which he waited on the Pr. and entreated he would allow him ſome few days longer, telling him the occaſion; but he would not admit of the excuſe, inſiſting *in being firſt ſerved as he had given the firſt orders.*

The goldſmith was in a very great dilemma on this occaſion, but thought the moſt prudent way to extricate himſelf from it, would be to acquaint the king, who no ſooner heard the ſtory, than he commanded that the Pr. ſhould be firſt ſerved, and that the value of the plate ſhould be paid by the comptroller of his houſhold without any expence to the other.

It is ſuppoſed the king imagined the hurry the Pr. ſhewed for having this plate got ready by ſuch a time, was occaſioned by his deſigning to leave Paris on that day; for not till above a week after it had been delivered, were any more meſſages ſent to him.

But it is plain the Pr. was ſo far from any ſuch intention, that he reſolved to puſh things to the laſt extremity.—This fine ſervice of plate was on the ſcore of a grand entertainment he made, at which were preſent the princeſs of Talmont, a near relation to the queen; the marchioneſs de Sprimont; madame de Maiſeiuſe; the duke de Bouillon, and above thirty others of the nobility of both ſexes, and ſeveral foreigners of great diſtinction.

About this time the two hoſtages from Great Britain arrived at Paris, on which the Pr. expreſſed great marks

marks of diſſatisfaction, often ſaying publickly, *That the tables were ſadly turned upon poor Old England, ſince her word could not be relied upon, without ſuch pledges as are ſcarce ever granted, but by a conquered nation, while French faith paſſed current for all that was to be done on her part.*

The French court having received repeated complaints from the Engliſh miniſtry, becauſe the Pr. was not removed, thought proper to remind him once more what was expected from him: Accordingly the duke the Geſvres waited on him a third time, and acquainted him alſo that the ſtates of Friburg had returned a moſt obliging anſwer to the king's letter on his account, and were ready to receive the honour of his going to reſide in their canton, with all the demonſtrations of reſpect due to his birth and virtues, and in their power to give. To this the Pr. replied only, *That he hoped to find a time to return the good will of the ſtates, without giving the duke any ſatisfaction, whether he accepted their offer or not.*

The king at this diſpatched a courier to Rome, with an account of all that had paſſed: the Pr. ſent alſo to his father, and the court being willing to wait the reſult of this, occaſioned a farther delay.

As no part of theſe proceedings were a ſecret, there was ſcarce any thing elſe talked of in Paris; and amongſt the body of the people of all degrees, for one that blamed the Pr. conduct in this point, there were more than a hundred applauded it.

Two of the diſtinguiſhed characteriſtics of the French nation, being the envy, they are apt to conceive of the excellence of any perſon not born amongſt them; and their implicit love and reverence even to idolizing their ſovereign; we muſt be obliged to confeſs, that the merits they vouchſafed to acknowledge in a foreigner muſt be extraordinary indeed,

and

and that he who is capable of rivalling their king in their affection and reſpect, muſt have ſomething of a ſuperior dignity about him.

The miniſtry could not brook this, and were reſolved to get rid of the Pr. at any rate, and therefore without waiting for the return of the courier from Rome, prevailed upon the king to ſend the duke de Geſvres a fourth time to him, and inſiſt on his immediate removal.

The Pr. now expreſſed ſome impatience, and told the duke, that though he ſhould always treat with reſpect, any one who came to him from the king, yet he was ſorry to find he had the trouble of repeating ſo often a buſineſs to which he could give no ear, without hearing it from the king himſelf. The king being acquainted with this, and being impatient to get rid of the Pr. at any rate, and as yet loth to proceed to extremities, vouchſafed to write a letter to him, and ſent with it a blank in order to be filled up by himſelf, for what yearly ſum he pleaſed, both which the duke de Geſvres was obliged to deliver.

The Pr. read the letter twice over, and having pauſed a little, threw the order from him with diſdain, ſaying, the thing required of him was not conſiſtent with honour.

This ambiguous proceeding both perplexed and exaſperated the king; a council was called, and therein reſolved to ſend monſieur le count de Maurepas, to expoſtulate with the Pr. on his late conduct, and not to leave him, till he had obliged him to declare in expreſs terms, what his intention was, and withal to intimate to him, that if he did not conform to the preſent neceſſity of affairs, by leaving the kingdom with a good grace, the miniſtry would be obliged to compel him to it.—*The miniſters! the miniſters!* cried the Pr. with the greateſt diſdain; if you will oblige me, monſieur le count, tell the

king, *that I am born to break all the ſchemes of his miniſters.*

It is ſuppoſed the Pr. had a double view in acting in the manner he did: firſt to convince Europe, that the moſt ſolemn engagements had been entered into between him and the court of France, and were all broken on their part; and ſecondly, to ſhew the court, that he was not to be any farther impoſed upon, and reſented as he ought the artifices they had practiſed upon him.

The courier being at length arrived, brought a letter from the Pr. father to him, encloſed in one to the king, open, as it is ſaid, for the king's peruſal: It is ſaid, the letter contained a command to the Pr. to leave the French dominions, but without mentioning the time when, and for that reaſon the Pr. thought himſelf at liberty to ſtay where he was till he had fixed on a proper place for his future reſidence, as he had ſome reluctance to go to Friburg.

The miniſtry not knowing the Pr. real motives for ſtaying, prevailed upon the king to give orders for his being arreſted, and when the order was carried to be ſigned, the king ſaid, *Poor Prince! how difficult it is for a king to be a true friend!* This ſeems to ſhew the king was ignorant of the unworthy treatment the Pr. received, when in the hands of thoſe commiſſioned to arreſt him. This order ſigned but at three o'clock, was blazed all over Paris before evening.

Twelve hundred guards were drawn out, and placed in the court of the palace royal, a great number of ſerjeants and grenadiers, armed cap-a-pee, filled the paſſages of the opera houſe, the guet (i. e. the ſtreet guards) were placed in the ſtreets leading to it, yet notwithſtanding all this, the duke de Biron, who is colonel of the guards, and had charge of executing this commiſſion, would not appear, but kept

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at a diſtance diſguiſed, and left it to the care of major Vandreville, a man of mean extraction, and more mean merit, who had been raiſed by him to the poſts. The manner of this whole tranſaction is fully and minutely related in the following extract of a letter from Paris, dated Dec. 21ſt, 1748, to a perſon at London.

" I would not acquaint you of this odd ſcene, till the confuſion was a little ſettled; and that I could inform you of the circumſtances with more certainty.

" As the Pr. was determined not to leave France, till forced to it by violence, he was conſequently in daily expectations of being arreſted, and accordingly had ſecured all his papers, plate, and ſuch things as he thought not proper to truſt to the French mercy.

" Some hours before the Pr. was taken, ſeveral ſtreets of Paris were beſet with companies of the guards, and ſuch precautions were taken, as if there was a real danger of ſome ſudden riſing for his defence. This precaution ſeemed neceſſary in ſome meaſure, becauſe, on the Saturday the 7th, the Pr. was at the play, where he was univerſally clapt at his entrance, and applauded by all, for his brave anſwers to the king's orders to him, to quit the French dominions, into which he had been invited from Italy, *&c. &c.* This general applauſe of the people is believed to have haſtened his being ſeized. The Pr. being informed, by a friend, of the motions and placing the guards, only calmly replied, *Well then, if it be ſo, we will not let them ſtay for us*, and ſo immediately went to the opera, being on Tueſday the 10th.

" He was arreſted in entering the opera houſe, by ſix luſty fellows who had cuiraſſes under their coats; they ſeized his ſword, and ſmall pocket piſtols,

which he always carried for his own ſecurity. They tied his arms, thighs, and legs with cords; and lifting him off the ground, put him into a coach, attended by the major, aid major, and another officer of the blue guards, and four ſerjeants behind the coach. In this equipage he was carried to the caſtle of Vincennes, the whole road being crowded with guards. He behaved on the road to Vincennes, with all the compoſure imaginable; and finding the aid major had been in Italy, talked to him about ſeveral places in that country.

" At his arrival at the caſtle, ſeeing his intimate friend and old acquaintance, the governor approaching to him, cried out, *Mon ami chatelet, venez done m' embraſſer, puiſque je ne puis pas vous embraſſer*, that is, *My friend, come then to embrace me, becauſe I can't embrace you*, (alluding to his cords wherewith he was tied.) The governor then, in the moſt tender and reſpectful manner unbound him, and conducted him to a ſmall room of about ten feet ſquare, with a ſmall light, which deſcends from the top. Upon the ſight of this apartment he only ſaid, *He had ſeen a worſe in Scotland.*

" Three captains of the guards were always with him night and day, they by their tears teſtified their concern, and ſhewed him all the reſpect due to his rank.

" The firſt night he did not eat, ſaying, he had dined well, nor did he ſleep 'till the next morning (being Wedneſday the 11th) when he flung himſelf in his clothes upon the bed and got a good nap; the ſame day he did not dine, but at five o'clock in the evening, the governor brought him ſome broth with three bits of bread, which he begged him to take, and the Pr. complied, and ordered his ſupper to be ready at eight o'clock; he eat very heartily, tho' it diſ-

agreed

agreed with him afterwards, as having overfaſted himſelf.

" On Thurſday the 12th he dined very well, and continued his meals regularly, eat heartily, and was in good health till he was releaſed.

" On Wedneſday, Thurſday, and Friday, the governor went to the king's levee, but carried back no orders for amending his priſoner's condition.

" On Friday morning (the 13th) the Pr. wrote to the king, and in the evening received his anſwer, and on Saturday morning he got another letter, and in the afternoon had liberty to walk in the gardens, &c. where he ſtaid ſome hours, and then returned to his dungeon, to paſs his laſt night there. The contents of theſe letters are not yet known. On Sunday the 15th at ſeven o'clock in the morning he departed from Vincennes for Fountainbleau, in a coach, with the commandant of the muſquetairs, accompanied by Mr Sheridan, and Mr Stafford in two poſt-chaiſes.

" On Monday the 16th in the morning, the Pr. wrote again to the king and received an immediate anſwer.

" On Tueſday morning at four o'clock, having eaten three freſh eggs, he ſet out from thence with the aforeſaid company to haſten out of France; but where he will ſtop and take up his reſidence is yet a myſtery.

" Sixty muſquetairs were appointed to guard him on the road, but as he aſſured the king there was no neceſſity for them, they ſtayed behind.

" During his captivity, he never ſhewed the leaſt impatience, in looks, words, or actions; but bore up with that magnanimity of ſpirit, which gained him the admiration of every one, and proves him a hero in every ſcene of life. He was affable in the moſt gracious manner to the governor and the three captains of the guards; and when he ſaw them in any

concern on his account, he even revived them with his gaiety, and always forced them to ſit at table and eat with him.

" The caſtle of Vincennes, all the time of the Pr. reſidence, was ſtrongly guarded by the grenadiers and blue guards; and the draw-bridges were lifted up both day and night.

" So much for the Pr. who was no ſooner arreſted, than the lieutenant de Police, with 150 guards were ordered to his houſe, but finding the doors ſhut, were preparing ladders, when ſome of them finding a back-door, broke it open, entered triumphantly, and ſeized every perſon there, even to the ſcullion, and eat the ſupper which was preparing for the Pr.

" At the ſame time, ſir David Murray, ſir James Harrington, Mr Goring, Mr Stafford, Mr Sheridan, and others, both Engliſh, Scotch, and Iriſh of the Pr. adherents, to about forty, were arreſted in different parts of the town, and were all conducted in the night to the Baſtile, but were treated very well in all reſpects, excepting their confinement.

" The Pr. French ſervants were ſet at liberty the next day, and before he left Vincennes, he ordered them to be all payed off and diſmiſs'd.

" On Friday the 13th at night, meſſrs. Stafford and Sheridan were releaſed to prepare for their journey with the Pr. againſt Sunday morning.

" The reſt of the gentlemen were all diſmiſſed, on the 19th at eight o'clock at night, when ſir James Harrington, and Mr Goring received orders to quit Paris immediately, but gained leave afwards to ſtay till the 24th, when, it is ſuppoſed, they'll follow the Pr. The others were left at their own liberty to do as they pleaſed. This ſhort confinement, added to that of ſir David Murray's in England, juſt compleated two years.

" At

" At preſent there only remains at the Pr. houſe, proper people to pay off all bills, and to pack up ſuch things as he did not before think neceſſary to be removed.

" The Pr. from Fountainbleau, proceeded on his journey to Avignon, where he ſtaid ſome weeks, and left it as incognito, taking along with him col. Goring, and three other domeſtics; they are ſaid to have returned to Verſailles, where they remained four days incog. during which time, the Pr. was frequently with the king and queen, and then proceeded on their journey, as ſuppoſed for Poland, to marry the princeſs of Radzvil, who is ſaid to be a proteſtant, and one of the firſt princeſſes of Poland, and an immenſe fortune. She is a relation of the queen of France, and of the Counteſs of Talmont, who is ſaid to have brought about the match."

I ſhall now endeavour to give a little account of what became of ſome of thoſe who helped to compoſe the Pr. army.

Lochiel being wounded in both legs, was carried off the field by four of his men, and put into a barn. As theſe men were taking off his own cloaths and putting on others to diſguiſe him, a party of dragoons ſurrounded the barn, but were called off ſuddenly juſt as they were going into it.

The dragoons were no ſooner gone, than his men removed him, ſet him on horſeback, and carried him that night to Cluny's houſe in Badenock, where he continued till next morning, and then went to Lochaber: When he left the barn he diſmiſſed two of the men, but kept the other two to hold him on horſeback.

On the Friday after the battle of Culloden, the duke of Perth, lord John Drummond, marquis of Tullibardine, lord George Murray, lord Ogilvie, colonel Stewart of Ardſheil, colonel John Roy Stewart, lord Nairne, ſeveral of the Drummonds,

and

and captain James Hay, were at Ruthven in Badenock. Lord George Murray propoſed then to get meal to be brought into that country and to collect their troops again, and hold out in order to obtain terms; but no perſon would pay any regard to what he ſaid or did, being ſo greatly diſguſted at his haughty behaviour in general, and at his conduct about the battle of Culloden in particular: He ſaid many things in his own juſtification, and told them he would clear up his character in black and white; which was, ſome time after, handed about. Lord George declared at this place, That he was againſt fighting that day, and was for croſſing the Nairne, but Sullivan oppoſed it; and that Sullivan uſed to carry things in councils of war againſt him.

Some of theſe gentlemen began to diſperſe that night, and the reſt next day. The duke of Perth and lord John Drummond went directly for Moidart, where they ſoon after embarked on board a ſhip for France along with lord Elcho, captain James Maxwell, and ſeveral others, who all got ſafe thither, except the duke of Perth, who died two days after he went on board; lord John is alſo ſince dead, and his regiment was given to lord Lewis Drummond.

The marquis of Tullibardine was ſoon after betrayed, and carried to the tower of London where he died, and was buried in St. Peter's church. He was not in the battle of Culloden being then very ill.

Lord George Murray was concealed in Scotland, till December after the battle of Culloden; and then after being a little time in Edinburgh, went on board a veſſel at Anſtruther and got to France, and never was in England after that battle; tho' ſome have ſtrongly aſſerted it.

Lord Ogilvie, lord Nairne, colonel Stewart of Ardſhiel,

Ardſhiel, colonel John Roy Stewart, and the Drummonds, all got to France; ſince which colonel Roy Stewart died. Captain Hay, as being a French officer, ſurrendered to juſtice Clark at Edinburgh, was thence removed to Carliſle, where he was tried and condemned for high treaſon, but being an officer in the French ſervice, was ſoon diſcharged.

At a meeting held on the 15th of May at Murtleg or rather Murlagan, in the iſle of Morar, near the head of Locharkaig, there were preſent, lord Lovat, Lochiel, major Kennedy, Glenbucket, Lochgary, Mr Alexander Macleod, doctor Cameron, John Roy Stewart, Bariſdale's ſon, ſecretary Murray and others to about thirteen; and it was then propoſed and agreed to, That they ſhould aſſemble their men at Glenmallie, and croſs Lochy, where Cluny and Keppoc's men ſhould join them. Lord Lovat's opinion was to raiſe about 3500 men to defend the country, families, and cattle, as well as themſelves; and the particular number, that each was to provide, was agreed upon; lord Lovat was to ſend 400 men, and that lord's ſervant had ten days pay for thoſe men given him.

The meeting being over, Lochiel and Murray croſſed the lake again; and about four or five days after this, Murray croſſed the lake again to Glendeſherrie, on the oppoſite ſide of the water, to lord Lovat, and was with that lord an hour or two.

The general rendezvous was to be near Keppoc's houſe. Lochiel's, Bariſdale's, and Clanronald's people, were to meet at the lake about two miles from Lochiel's houſe.

About ten days after this, Lochiel accordingly got a body of 3 or 400 men, Bariſdale and Lochgary went with about 150 men each; but as ſoon as Lochgary got pay for his men, he went away, promiſing to return in a few days, and to obſerve lord

lord Loudon's motions: But he performed neither, for that earl, about two days after the men were got together, marched thro' Glengary, and had certainly taken Lochiel but for ſome of his ſcouts; Bariſdale, before Loudon went to Achnecarie [Lochiel's houſe,] told Lochiel he would go and bring more men to them, and left his ſon with a few.

Early in the morning a body of men appeared marching over a hill, whom Lochiel believed to be Bariſdale's men; but ſome of his ſcouts went and told him, they were Loudon's people, for they had red croſſes in their bonnets. Upon this Lochiel diſperſed his men, and croſſed the loch in a boat, which he had kept to prevent his being ſurprized; ſo that he owed his eſcape more to the red croſſes, than to the care of Lochgary, or to the *honeſty* of Bariſdale.

Lord Lovat and ſome others took different routs. Secretary Murray and ſome others ſtaid with Lochiel, till they got to Lochleven, near Glencoe; and after being there ſome time, ſir David Murray, ſecretary Murray, doctor Cameron, and the rev. Mr. John Cameron, went from thence to Glenlyon, and continued there twelve or fourteen days. From that place they went to Glenorchie, where ſecretary Murray was taken very ill, and deſired they ſhould return; ſo ſir David Murray went ſouth, and captain Macnab went with him to the Braes of Balquhiddar, and provided him a horſe and cloaths, and the reſt returned to Lochiel again.

Sir David went as far as Whitby in Yorkſhire, where he was taken priſoner in trying to get off; and was ſent to York, where he was tried and condemned, but was afterwards reprieved; and was diſcharged on Auguſt 7, 1748, upon condition That he ſhould quit theſe realms for life.

After ſtaying a little time with Lochiel, ſecretary

Murray went ſouthwards, and was at Mr Hunter's of Polmood his brother in-law, on the 28th of June after the battle of Culloden, being about four miles off his own houſe at Broughton in the great road to England, by Carliſle. The evening of the night that he was taken, a boy went from his brother's to Broughton, where a party of ſoldiers were, and told them, to ground and take him, which in the night they did, and next day ſet forwards with him for Edinburgh, where, when he arrived, he was ſo drunk that he could not ſpeak to juſtice Clark, till after a few hours ſleep, and then he was committed to the caſtle, where he remained till ſent up to London under a ſtrong guard, and was immediately cloſe confined, till after he had given evidence againſt lord Lovat; and then was removed thence into the cuſtody of a meſſenger, and about Chriſtmas 1747 was diſcharged.

When they were going to remove him from Edinburgh, his mother wrote to a certain counteſs, to deſire her aſſiſtance, to raiſe a party in Yorkſhire to attempt to reſcue her dear ſon; but the lady was ſo provoked at it that ſhe burnt the letter immediately in great wrath.

The reſt of the hiſtory of Lochiel, doctor Cameron, and his brother the miniſter, I have given in the Pr. eſcape. The other gentlemen all got ſafe abroad. Lochiel got ſafe to France, and was there made a colonel of 1000 men; which he enjoyed to his death, in September 1748, when it was given to ſir Hector Maclean aforementioned to have been ſo long confined in Newgate. Doctor Cameron was wounded at Culloden by a muſket-bullet, which entered near the elbow (he having his arm up) and went along the arm, and then out at the oppoſite ſhoulder.

FINIS.

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